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PRICE

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A detailed color illustration of Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Morshead. He is depicted from the chest up, wearing a light-colored military tunic with a red sash and a peaked cap with a red band and a gold crest. He has a mustache and is looking slightly to the right. Several medals and ribbons are pinned to his left breast. The background is a plain, light color.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR LESLIE MORSHEAD

LOVE LETTERS FOR THREE

By Australian author
JEAN E. TURNLEY

WHEN Cynthia received the letter and noticed the strange handwriting, she at once turned to the end. She read the signature, "Tom Ellis," several times before it made any sense to her.

Then she had a vision of herself years ago. A long-legged schoolgirl, walking home from the church social with the boy from the bank. Tom Ellis.

Of course! Tom Ellis. Why—how odd! She turned the letter over and began to read.

"Dear Little Girl,
"Doubtless your first reaction, when you read this letter, will be to laugh and then to tear it up. I do beg of you though, to wait for a moment and reconsider it, because what I have to say to you means such a lot to me.

"Probably you will find it hard to remember me. It's a long time since we last met, but I want you to believe me when I tell you the memory of your face has never left me, and ever since the first day I saw you I have loved you.

"You will wonder why I haven't spoken before, but I felt the time was not ripe. Now—well, war does strange things to a man, and now I can wait no longer. I will have leave next month, and I want to come to see you. Will you think over my letter, and if you find you can answer it, if your heart remembers me and the short while we spent so happily together, will you write and tell me I may come, and if I may hope that some time soon you will marry me.

"I dream of you day and night. It is the only solace I can find up here in this lonely, God-forsaken country. I repeat I am desperately sincere.

"Yours,

"Tom Ellis."

Cynthia took a long breath and said to the fly on the wall opposite, "It's simply preposterous. It's utterly ridiculous. It's quite absurd."

The fly cleaned a leg apathetically while she searched her mind for another phrase and brought out lamely, "It's plain silly, anyway."

Then she sat for half an hour and puzzled frantically to find a suitable answer. At length she pushed back her chair so forcibly that the fly took instant flight, and she flounced out of the room muttering, "He can jolly well solve this one."

In the other room David, her boss, sat at his desk also wrestling with a problem. But this was meat and drink to David, because he was "Auntie Annie," of the "Daily Cry," and his job was solving problems.

Actually, he loathed it, but the doctors had told him very definitely that a long spell at a sedentary job was necessary if he ever wanted to recover completely from the effects of the wounding that had led to his discharge from the Army. So for the time being Auntie Annie filled the bill and was quite lucrative.

"Look," said Cynthia, without respect, "what do you make of this?" And she flung down her letter before him.

Typically, David read it slowly and methodically, while Cynthia danced with impatience. At length he raised his eyebrows mildly above his nice blue eyes and looked at her inquiringly.

"Well, the point is this," explained Cynthia. "I hardly know him. I mean, I was just a kid and he only took me home a couple of times. It took me all my time to remember him!"

"The idea doesn't appeal to you, then?"

"It's simply preposterous," cried Cynthia, going through her formula, "utterly ridiculous. Quite absurd."



"What do you make of this?" said Cynthia, coming indignantly over to David.

David said with desperate appeal, "Cynthia?"

Cynthia was so stunned she just followed instinct for the first time and said in a tender voice, "Yes, darling?"

"You know," confessed David, with his lips against her hair, "I couldn't understand what was putting me off writing that letter for you, until last night I realised I wanted to marry you myself."

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"H'mm. You don't want him?"

"Want him?" shrieked Cynthia, thinking savagely and fondly, "You big beautiful nutt. Can't you see whom I do want?" But she said instead, "Of course I don't want him. I want to write and tell him so, but I just can't say it somehow. Do you think you could do it for me?"

David didn't reply for a few minutes, poring over the letter, then he looked across at her, and said, gravely, "You know, I think you're wrong."

Cynthia's mouth fell open, but he raised a hand. "No. Really, I think you ought to think it over more. This may be fate."

But Cynthia had gone off on a new track. "I wonder how he knew my address," she said, picking up the letter and studying it anew. And then she gave a squeal. "Why, his address is the same as Jim's—my brother, you know. Jim's got a photo of me, too."

"I can see it all," said David triumphantly. "That's why I think you ought to give yourself more time."

Cynthia sat down and looked across at David rather miserably. She said in her mind, "Oh, darling. Do you really want to marry me off to someone else?" But actually she asked him if he could understand why on earth the man wanted to marry her.

David wagged his blond head wisely. "You don't know what women mean to those poor blighters up there in the jungle. I do! You idealise them hopelessly, and get terribly romantic. I imagine this bloke has seen your photo and fallen in love with it. Perhaps there's been a joke about it in the camp, and he's taken it seriously. The idea has grown and grown during the lonely nights until he's obsessed with it. He's got your address from your brother, and written to you. In his imagination the few harmless hours you spent with him have magnified and intensified, and he remembers them with a romantic significance which they never had."

"Yes—yes—" sighed Cynthia, who was dreamily imagining she was running her fingers through his thick hair. "Yes. Of course that's it. But it's not a good basis to marry on."

"It's as good as any," declared David stoutly. "There's no reason why it shouldn't work very well indeed. At least you owe it to him to give him a chance—see him and so forth."

"Well, I can't write to him,"



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The Bride and Delehanty

By
THOMAS WALSH

DELEHANTY had to sign the register, and that was more of a trial than it should have been, in view of certain rather extraordinary circumstances. In the end he carried it off naturally enough.

It looked queer, of course—the "Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Delehanty" and the phoney address; when it was all written down, for anybody to read, it seemed imbued somehow with an uncompromising air of personal accusation.

As soon as he turned away from the reception desk, the girl on his right, starry-eyed, shining from inside with a brand-new look, rested a confiding hand against his arm.

The boy took their bags, and then they had to walk after him through a large room, and with a good many people standing or sitting round.

Delehanty did not look at any of those people, although he felt that they were all looking at him. It was slightly better, more private at least, in the bridal suite, 315, where the bellboy went round snapping on lamps in a white sitting-room.

When the first lamp went on, the girl caught her breath. "Oh," she said, very softly. "But how nice, Del. Lovely! It's—it's—"

She was good. At the right moment, words seemed to fall her.

And, of course, all the time the bellboy was there she hung on Delehanty's arm as if she couldn't bring herself to let it go.

"Yes," Delehanty said tightly. "Well." A moment later, with disproportionate labor, he got out another word: "Honey." He hoped it sounded all right. He felt like a fool. After the bellboy went away he dropped his coat on the sofa, wiped a few drops of perspiration from his forehead, and put a cigarette as mechanically as possible in the side of his mouth.

"It looks like we made it," he said, "but, personally, I had my doubts downstairs."

"Well," she said reasonably, "the manager must have told them about the bridal suite. He probably thinks newweds are very cute. Didn't you see him beaming at you when you signed the register?"

She was slender, not so tall as Delehanty, with dark hair and dark eyes. Very self-possessed, too. Apart from her physical appearance, Delehanty didn't know much about her; as a matter of fact, he didn't know her first name.

"I missed a lot there," he admitted. "You did all right though. Better than me."

That she said, was splendid of him. While he was trying to decide whether or not there was something of the usual feminine needle in that remark, she removed her hat and smiled absently—practising, maybe—into the mirror. She said she thought the couch in here would be comfortable enough for him. Later on, of course, she'd bring him out a couple of blankets.

He'd be all right, Delehanty said: she didn't have to worry at all about him. For a while that wound up the conversation between them. He stowed his one suitcase in the sitting-room closet and she unpacked some of her things in a bedroom stolidly ignored by Delehanty.

Presently she came out of there and arranged a coffee-table before the couch.

"There's an hour till supper," she

said, matter of fact about that too. "And we don't just have to sit here, you know. Do you play cards?"

Some girl, Delehanty realised then. She thought of everything.

"Not much," he told her. "Cassino, maybe. I played that when I was a kid."

So they played cassino. By six o'clock she had won forty cents from him.

Then she went into the bedroom again, doing the right thing by changing for dinner, while he washed and put on a clean shirt in the corridor washroom.

In the few moments of welcome privacy that were vouchsafed him there he went over things rather nervously without finding much moral support anywhere. Who was worked up about this? Who was practically sweating blood? Not her. Vincent Delehanty.

He rubbed a towel across his flushed, dark face, scowled at himself, and went back to 315. He was not hungry; he was not comfortable. At 6.05, running the gauntlet again behind a cool and radiant Policewoman Faulkner in the crowded dining-room of the Mount Taylor Inn, he kept his eyes straight ahead and balled his right fist up hard in the pocket of his coat. He had to make some attempt at self-control. At their entrance, as if suddenly inspired, the three-piece orchestra swung tenderly into a muted rendition of "Oh, Promise Me."

Yesterday—Wednesday—he had refused at first even to consider a proposition like this; he had said then, indignantly, that he wasn't going off on a job of that kind with any policewoman.

VINCENT Delehanty never had worked with one, and Vincent Delehanty never intended to work with one.

"You'll do what you're told to do," Captain Brant informed him. "Just now—Well, you didn't know Martin Donald, I suppose. I did."

He'd heard of him, Delehanty replied. Detective-Sergeant Donald who was shot down in that hold-up two weeks ago?

"No," Captain Brant said heavily. "Not a hold-up. Delehanty. We gave that out for reasons of our own. He was shot by a man named Eckhardt—William Eckhardt. You might remember the bunch of Nazis who were rounded up by the Coast Guard after a submarine landed them on the Long Island shore last spring. This Eckhardt was with them. He was one of the two who slipped off."

Early this month the F.B.I. located him and the other one, a Joseph Morgen, in an East Side flat. They got away at the last minute. Over on Fourth Avenue, when they took a corner too fast and smashed their car into a taxi-cab, Martin Donald asked to see Eckhardt's licence. He was shot down like a cur before he had any chance to defend himself. As decent a man—"

He paused long enough to bite the end grimly from a cigar.

"We handled it quiet, Delehanty, because that's the way the F.B.I. wanted us to handle it. Then yesterday morning your friend, Harry Lockwood, picked up Joseph Morgen at one of the bus stations with a ticket for Seattle in his pocket. He talked after we got him down here. In case of necessity—vital necessity—"

—it seems he had been told to get in touch with Eckhardt by writing to a fellow named Johann Pedersen, a ski instructor at a winter hotel up north. But what we don't know yet is whether Pedersen is just a forwarding address or whether he's got Eckhardt hidden out in the woods up there. And we can't send three or four men to look things over, because they'd know at once what the men were there for. That's obvious, isn't it?"

"I see it," Delehanty said, his mouth dry. He had never been much of a ladies' man. More and more, the policewoman was beginning to worry him.

Captain Brant grunted. "You ought to. They tell me you're quite a boy on them skis, Delehanty. That's one reason we picked you. If you go up there to spend a honeymoon, a young fellow getting ready to go in the Army next month, Pedersen won't look at you twice. That's a common arrangement these days. So—" He looked up. "But it's the Navy you're after, isn't it, Delehanty?"

"What?" Delehanty said. "Sure it's the Navy. Haven't I—"

A raised palm stopped him. "All right then. We've got three deferments for you, Delehanty—you're a good man and you're needed here. I'll promise nothing, mind you. But maybe if you brought in this Eckhardt we wouldn't ask for another. Me and Martin Donald." He sighed again. "Think that over before you fly off the handle."

Delehanty thought it over as long as was required—for the smallest part of a second. Captain Brant went on as if he already understood what the answer would be.

"Then listen to what you're to do. There'll be a letter from Morgen to the ski instructor: it will reach there Saturday, two days after you've established yourself. It's a letter that ought to dig Eckhardt out of his rathole; it tells him that we've found out something about the ski instructor, and will probably send some men up there next week to investigate things. All day Saturday you'll keep the ski instructor in sight. If he slips off anywhere, you'll do your best to follow him. Don't try to stop him, of course—not until you see Eckhardt with him. Don't do it even then unless you have everything in your favor. We'll have a man at every bus station."

"Everything's worked out all right," she called over her shoulder.

and railroad depot for fifty miles around. Once we flush them out—"

His phone rang. He picked it up and waved Delehanty to the door, and Delehanty went out with a dazed look in his eyes. The Navy was swell. The other part—the policewoman—was what worried him. Who was she? Most of that night, at fifteen-minute intervals, he got up to sit on the side of his bed and smoke tasteless cigarettes. More than once it seemed to him that even the Navy wasn't worth anything like that.

Please turn to page 4



JOHN SANTER

BUT

Police-woman Faulkner looked pretty smooth in Captain Brant's office early the next morning, and, in a blue outfit with shiny little puffs at the shoulders she looked better than that on Thursday night in the dining-room of the Mount Taylor Inn.

They had a table to themselves, and but for the significant grin Delehanty would have enjoyed the meal. As it was, he rushed everything, and as soon as he could moved to the lobby, deposited Policewoman Faulkner on a sofa near the fireplace, and went over to the stand for some cigarettes. Mr. Charles Benson, the jovial manager, was there. A slim, blond young man was there, too, quite picturesque in green pants and a bright gold sweater. Johann Pedersen, he turned out to be. He had small, blue eyes and a rather unpleasant way of running them up and down Policewoman Faulkner.

There was no chance that night to get acquainted with him. Mr. Charles Benson, who admitted happily that he could tell newsworthy moments he saw the whites of their eyes, took Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Delehanty round to meet the folks. It was a long evening, and at nine-thirty they retired to the bridal suite. Delehanty thought of all the wise-cracks there'd be when folks heard of his assignment. He glared at Policewoman Faulkner.

"Temper," she said, looking back at him. "You don't imagine by any chance that I'm having a wonderful time? I could tell you what I object to—the way you practically slink round downstairs, as if you were—well, ashamed to have anyone even think you were married to me."

"You know something? My idea of company isn't any policewoman I ever met," Delehanty told her.

She murmured placidly, "No, I can see that. From your manners I suspect a lady bouncer would be more your type."

"Ha-ha," Delehanty said. He was actually furious. "We can fight all

night or we can play casino. Make up your mind fast."

They played casino.

She couldn't ski naturally. Had he expected any break like that? Still, he had to spend the morning with her, dabbled round like a kid on a tiny slope behind the inn, helping her up when she fell, which was often, and pretending, every time Johann Pedersen was round, that this was just about the jolliest fun he'd had in his life.

But the day finally proved to be more difficult for Policewoman Faulkner than it had been for him. By three in the afternoon she was done. She limped into 315, and took off her shoes.

"I hurt," she said through her teeth. "I hurt all over. I want a hot bath and a bottle of liniment and—go away, Delehanty. Go away somewhere and leave me alone."

"Licked, huh?" Delehanty inquired calmly. He was not sorry. It promised to be a big afternoon without Policewoman Faulkner to worry about, with Johann Pedersen tied up at his business till supper—so big, indeed, that when Delehanty removed his gun and shoulder holster in 315 in order to rid himself of an extra sweater, he did not remember to put them on again.

That omission was discovered only after he had raced down a long slope that pierced into the woods a mile or so east of the Mount Taylor Inn. It troubled him, because he was a good police officer, well trained, but after braving himself sharply in a neat bank that sent the snow spraying up in front of him, he looked back at the hotel and then dismissed the subject with a faint scowl. William Eckhardt, of course, was the last person he expected to meet that afternoon.

Later—much later, in fact, than he realised—he stopped for a cigarette. The stiffness in the woods and the exercise made him feel something like the old Vincent Delehanty again. He got up presently, stretched, and

The Bride and Delehanty

Continued from page 3

put on his skis; he had almost reached the edge of the clearing when he saw the man watching him over a low fringe of underbrush.

The man, built like Eckhardt, had a rifle under his arm. In an instantaneous movement Delehanty's eyes flickered at him and away. A man from the hotel or from the village would not have watched him silently like that. But Eckhardt—

After a momentary pause, Delehanty went on, keeping his back to the underbrush. It was a normal course of action, but it was not performed without tension. Delehanty managed it because he knew he had to, and because his revolver was on the mantel back there in the bridal suite. Eckhardt had a rifle; Eckhardt did not wish to be seen. Delehanty understood those two facts at once.

"That was what he was hanging round for," he told Policewoman Faulkner at supper. "And a dummy like me had to go off and forget his gun. Not last week or to-morrow, when it wouldn't have meant a thing. To-day. Sure. The one time—"

He broke off, scowling, then went on thoughtfully.

"He's jumpy. Guys in his spot always are. He'll sit round and think things over—whether I saw him, whether I just pretended not to see him—and maybe he'll decide to pull out to-night. He's not going to take any chances, understand? I can't, either. Call up Brant for me. Tell him I can't wait for the letter. Tell him I'm getting hold of some guides to-night and coming over—"

"But you don't need guides," Policewoman Faulkner said quietly. "Not if you want them to show you where he is. Remember the bell-boy, Delehanty—the cute little blond one? He brought up my liniment this afternoon; I think he likes me. And he told me a few things about this Pedersen. Everyone round here thinks he's a Norwegian. And the house he rented for his Norwegian friends—"

Delehanty's eyes got hot and very small. "The house? What house?"

She said, quite impatiently, "Shut up. He rented a house for these friends of his, so they could be with him here for the skiing season. None of them ever showed up, as far as Jimmy knew. But suppose that he had coal and food in that house, and just about everything else that Eckhardt would need to keep warm and comfortable all winter? He'd be hiding there, wouldn't he?"

Delehanty could not answer immediately. At last he said, "I guess he would. You found out where it was?"

She banged her coffee cup down. "You ask the most exasperating questions I ever—Of course, I found out. Do I look like an idiot?"

"No," Delehanty told her, quietly but fervently, "You're pretty good." "Thanks so much," she said crisply. "Of course, you understand that I'm going with you, Delehanty."

It was no place to argue the point, even if she hadn't seemed so very determined about it. While he finished his supper she arranged for a car with Mr. Benson by telling him there were some things they needed in the village.

A side road a mile in toward the village brought them presently over the wooden bridge the bellboy had mentioned to her. Beyond that there was a mailbox with the name Miller painted on it. She parked there. The house was half a mile in toward the lake.

Delehanty let her come with him most of that distance. Everything was figured out in his head then, so carefully that even with the best of intentions it seemed unlikely that Policewoman Faulkner could get in

his way. When he could make out the house before them—a rambling shingle affair with a wide front porch—he dropped her off with a few words that were calculated to make her feel important and useful.

"Take the front," he said. "I'll move round back and see what it's like there. Give me fifteen minutes to size things up."

This was the kind of job he understood and made no bones about.

There were no lights anywhere. On the back porch, pretty sure he'd be able to handle this William Eckhardt before Policewoman Faulkner had any suspicion of what he was up to, he twisted the door-knob tentatively, just far enough to make sure that it was locked against him. It was the first thing to call for consideration. A window? He rubbed his upper lip. At the same time, off there in the woods, somebody whistled twice.

Spinning round silently—foolishly, too—he saw Pedersen's gold sweater gliding down at him over dim white snow. Cut across the lake, Delehanty thought. Made it almost as soon—Then, remembering Eckhardt, he swung back to the door. Before he had his own gun all the way round to it, a speck of dark light—the rifle swinging viciously at him—crashed into his head from the left-hand side of it.

He went down on hands and knees, and then, after the porch floor stopped wobbling and sinking under him, he became aware that the revolver was not in his hand any more.

Eckhardt stood over him. He still carried the rifle.

"Get up," Eckhardt said.

While he was getting up, Pedersen slid up to the side of the porch steps and picked up his revolver.

"Thought it was you," he told Eckhardt breathlessly. "That's why I whistled. So you'd know I—"

"All right," Eckhardt said. He had a thin, husky voice without any accent. "Get him inside."

WITH Pedersen, he marched Delehanty through to a room warmed comfortably by a coal stove. Two windows with black shades faced out on the front porch.

"What do you want here?" Pedersen said. "My friend is only—"

Then he recognised Delehanty, and stopped long enough to shrug his shoulders at Eckhardt. "From the hotel," he said. "There was a girl with him."

"The police," Eckhardt said. He sounded quite casual about it. "I saw him near the lake this afternoon; I thought he did not see me."

Delehanty gave them a dogged stare. There was nothing for him to do; when Eckhardt began to speak again, in German, he could not even understand what they were talking about. Once Pedersen, glancing at the window behind Delehanty, burst out in a vehement flow of words.

"Ja," Eckhardt said slowly. He also looked at the window.

After that, Eckhardt handed Pedersen the rifle and took the revolver in exchange. It seemed there was something here Delehanty should remember, an important fact. While he was trying to think of what it was, Pedersen slipped away quietly to the back porch. The outer door closed after him.

"Here," Delehanty said thickly. "Wait a minute now."

He thought of Policewoman Faulkner then. The ski instructor must have seen them leave the hotel together. The ski instructor had gone out just now with a rifle. Why?

"No," Eckhardt said. He never raised his eyes above Delehanty's chin. "Don't move, you understand. Don't try to warn her."

"Warn who?" Delehanty said.

"What are you talking about?"

He couldn't wait to figure out anything, he had Policewoman Faulkner to look out for. But when he moved over to the table, Eckhardt slid quickly round the edge of it.

Please turn to page 20



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"Just give me thirty seconds!" muttered Steve, as the range closed sharply.

DEFENCE OF THE REALM

Above all things, he yearned to command the silent, friendly esteem of his fellow-men.

LEUTENANT-COMMANDER STEPHEN STONEHAM was sitting in the captain's cabin, playing chess with Captain Fitzhugh, the Lorraine Rock's master. It was the captain's move, had been for five minutes. He studied the board, running his hand through his short grey hair.

Steve waited for Captain Fitzhugh to move, and he regretted that the captain was going to lose the game.

There was no way of throwing the game, either. He wished now he had not played so well. Fitzhugh did not like him, and would like him less for winning the game. Not that Fitzhugh was a sore loser. He just did not like to play with Steve Stoneham.

"Oh, well," said Captain Fitzhugh presently, his voice polite. "I'm afraid you've got me, Stoneham. I resign."

"You seem to have something on your mind," Steve said. "Otherwise, you'd have trimmed me easily."

Captain Fitzhugh met his eyes steadily. "Not at all. You won it fairly. I played my best. At least your chess is excellent."

Steve put the chessman back into the box, aware that his face was flushed. Captain Fitzhugh stared at him a moment, then turned away and lighted his pipe, grimly. Finally he grunted, "Blasted rain!"

Steve said, "We've had more than our share of it at that. At any other time, I mean, if this were just an ordinary cargo ship bound for Melbourne, we'd welcome the cover of the rain we've had this last week. Unfortunately, we don't want cover. Very difficult for the enemy to sight us while we're in it."

Captain Fitzhugh replied, "My dear Stoneham, there is no green in my eye, and I know as well as you that the chance of an enemy raider sighting us is quite small, even without rain. As a matter of fact, the whole idea has left me completely unsympathetic and I shall inform the Admiralty so when

we return to Portsmouth. If we ever return to Portsmouth.

"Of course, I haven't as much influence as you have with the Admiralty. I suppose you, with your father, could keep us running round the Pacific for quite some years — until the war ended, perhaps, and home waters were more trustworthy for a man to sail upon."

"Look here," Steve said suddenly, then stopped.

"Yes?" Fitzhugh said sharply. "Nothing," said Steve. "Forget it. If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll be getting along."

Captain Fitzhugh rose. He was not as tall as Steve, nor as broad. He looked older than his fifty-seven years. He said quietly, "You don't have to say sir to me." He chewed on his pipe stem. "You're in command of this ship; I am only in command of the ship. You're my superior officer."

Steve said, surprised, "Is that why you resent me? I can't believe that. You're too much Navy to dislike me because I outrank you. After all, Captain, you'd retired from the Service, and they only called you back because they needed war-laught men on the freighters of the Atlantic convoys. You couldn't expect to be given a command over the heads of younger men who were on active duty all along when this thing broke."

"I quite understand that," said Captain Fitzhugh, "and while there is a natural inclination, sometimes, to resent it when one of the young squirts on an escorting destroyer raises the devil with you for getting your ship out of line, still, one can understand that. . . . To be perfectly frank, Stoneham, I wish I were back in the Atlantic convoy."

"Why, Captain?"

"Well," replied Fitzhugh carefully, "to be tactful, let's just say that inaction isn't at all good for my liver. I'm tired of goldbricking away the war down here. Most of my men are"

Steve said sharply, "At least you concede there is a Jerry raider? I'll promise you more than enough action if we should ever flush the enemy."

"No doubt," said Fitzhugh, staring out his window absently. "No doubt."

Steve felt mildly annoyed. "What would you recommend then, Captain Fitzhugh?"

Fitzhugh turned slowly. "I'd recommend, Stoneham, that you advise the Admiralty that we are fishing with barbless hooks down here for a Loch Ness monster that people have heard of and never seen. I've got two three-inch guns. Not worth a thing. What I mean is, this whole venture seems to have been your original idea."

"A motor torpedo boat hidden aboard an apparently harmless freighter, Q-boat 194. I never did think it was worth a tuppence. I'm almost convinced now that it was never meant to be worth a tuppence."

Steve said evenly, "What does that mean?"

"I refuse to amplify the remark," replied Fitzhugh. "I only suggest that you advise the Admiralty that we might be of better use in more hostile waters. At least we could

use this bottom to ship food into the Isles."

"I have no intention of doing anything of the kind," said Steve. "You talk as if we had all come down here for a good rest to quiet our nerves, and that it's time now to get back to the war. I came down here to find a raider and destroy her, and I intend to stay here until the mission is accomplished, or until the Admiralty decrees otherwise."

"Of course," said Captain Fitzhugh. The grey-haired man looked patient, but openly distant. "If you say so, Stoneham."

Steve opened the door and went out. He knew that he would not be back again. Fitzhugh had made that plain enough. There was to be no more chess in the master's cabin.

At noon, when he came out of

his own cabin for mess, Steve heard his name spoken and paused. There were two men on the deck beneath him, out of sight. He was glad, later, that he could not see them.

"and 'Im and Stoneham they 'ad quite a set-to about it. But Fitzie lost the battle and we'll be stayin' on 'ere indefinite, me lad."

"How'd you hear all this, Tom?"

"I was under th' bloomin' window what was open a crack," Tom said. "I couldn't 'elp 'earin' 'em."

"Ah," said the other, "I don't believe it, not half! He's a nice young chap, is Stoneham."

"E might be," said Tom, "but that don't change it none, me lad. It's the truth. Young Stoneham, 'e was in an action with an E-boat off Calais and 'is nerves busted, so he fixes it with 'is old man for an expedition down 'ere lookin' for a sea raider so's 'e can take it easy and get 'is nerve back."

"Are you saying he's a coward?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin' but what I 'eard Fitzie and the first officer discussin' one night recently, that Lieutenant Stoneham don't 'ave no stomach for action and got up this expedition so's to get away from 'ettie waters in the Channel."

Steve stepped into his cabin silently. He felt a little sick. Next time he came out, a minute later, he made noise. The two seamen, hearing him, coughed embarrassedly and moved on their way.

On the starboard side of the Lorraine Rock there was an eighty-one-foot craft which was covered with canvas to protect it from the elements. It was suspended from huge davits whose falls were operated by an electric winch. There was always a guard on the boat.

The canvas hid her from sight and made her outline look harmless enough. But she was hardly that, and was actually well equipped with fast engines, twenty-one-inch Mark IV torpedoes, and fifty-calibre machine-guns which could be fired from any angle.

Once a day they practised the routine. At four in the afternoon, usually, the alarm would be sounded. "Enemy sighted, bearing zero nine zero!" Whereupon the freighter would swing across the bearing, pre-

sending her port beam to the enemy to hide the starboard from sight.

Then the two three-inch guns would open fire. At the same time a deck crew would work the winch and the davits, and the crew of the motor torpedo-boat would climb up into her while other hands ripped off her canvas cover. The winch would grind as the davits swung out. Down into the sea would go MT129.

Long practice had given them a fifteen-minute proficiency. Fifteen minutes from alarm to finish launching. It would have been less but the engines in the motor-boat had to be warmed on deck, gears not engaged.

Then she was swiftly on her way, laying smoke first across the port side of the freighter to hide her, and then zig-zagging crazily out on the zero nine zero bearing.

Steve lolled on the bridge, staring out through the spinning storm windows now and then, trying to pierce the rain. It was thick and grey. He used binoculars, but they brought nothing to his eyes. The same lonely sea, rain-flecked, hulking.

Steve had a distinct impression that most of the freighter crew had heard Fitzhugh's tales about him, which made him feel very annoyed and strangely depressed. It was all nonsense, of course, and yet he did value the old boy's opinion. It was a nasty sort of thing to have believed about you.

He realised that he was going to owe the enemy a debt for without the enemy he would remain in the shadow of Captain Fitzhugh's contempt. The prospect was not pleasing. He appreciated that silent, friendly esteem of one's fellow-men. Appreciated it because he knew he did not have it.

At three o'clock it had stopped raining. The day was brighter. Steve Stoneham was finishing a letter when the alarm was sounded. He put down the pen and slipped into his slicker.

He did not hurry because he was as tired of this routine alarm and drill as the rest of the ship was.

He found his cap and put it on, and then heard a descending whistle. The whole ship shook. There was a sharp and penetrating explosion.

Steve hurried on deck, at once astonished at the increased visibility. The mists had vanished. He made his way to his station, and as he went he heard the screech of another shell. It burst astern, sending up a white waterspout.

Please turn to page 20

By RICHARD SALE

Wear rayon stockings turn about ... they'll last longer

Wearing rayon stockings two days running shortens their life and costs precious coupons. Dirt and perspiration injure the fabric and constant wear puts unfair strain on the stocking. If possible, have three pairs of the same shade—one pair to wear while the other two are drying. If one stocking wears out keep the other as a spare.

WASH IMMEDIATELY after wearing, in a smooth bowl in plentiful lukewarm suds. Don't rub soap directly on stockings, or stockings between knuckles. Squeeze suds gently through the fabric, floating out dirt and perspiration acids. Rinse thoroughly in clear, lukewarm water. Pat out surplus moisture in soft towel and hang over a towel in the shade to dry. Never use pegs. DRY THOROUGHLY FOR 48 HOURS — not 24 or 36, but 48 hours. Test welts and feet to make sure they're really dry.

Better care means longer wear for your

WARTIME
**RAYON
HOSIERY**

YOURS FREE!
Ask your favourite
store for RAYON
STOCKING Quiz
Folder giving many
valuable hints on
stocking care.



MONDAY
1
FIRST PAIR
Wear MONDAY
Wash MONDAY NIGHT
Ready WEDNESDAY NIGHT



TUESDAY
2
SECOND PAIR
Wear TUESDAY
Wash TUESDAY NIGHT
Ready THURSDAY NIGHT



WEDNESDAY
3
THIRD PAIR
Wear WEDNESDAY
Wash WEDNESDAY NIGHT
Ready FRIDAY NIGHT

Serving her country . . .



on home leave . . .



She's adorably lovely with Pond's "Lips" and Pond's Powder

She's doing a job of national importance, but she doesn't forget the importance of looking lovely for *him*. Expensive beauty treatments are out of step with these times, but Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips" are economical, no strain on a Service girl's pay.

Pond's Powder has that fine, misty-soft texture that clings flatteringly hour upon hour . . . lends your skin a delicate, heart-catching bloom.

Pond's "Lips" give your beauty a lovely accent of colour that stays on and on and on. Four morale-lifting shades.



P.S.—Pond's "Lips" Refills are now available at all chemists and stores.



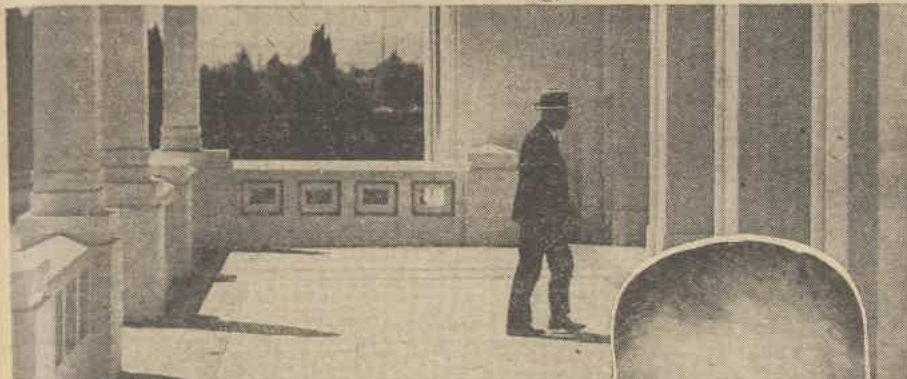
THRIFT

is a weapon to defeat the enemy. We've all been asked to restrict our spending. One way to help is to make your lipstick and powder *stay* out as long as you possibly can. Pond's "Lips" and Powder are naturally economical to use, but you can make them even more so. In doing this you'll save money that will help our war effort in more ways than one.

Pond's "Lips" *and* Pond's Powder

made by the makers of Pond's famous creams

JOHN CURTIN gets ready for London trip



A LONELY FIGURE, Mr. Curtin lives quietly in Canberra, walks alone to Parliament House. He has very few close friends, even in his own party. Closest to him is the Federal Treasurer, Mr. Chifley.

Recalls how he tossed a coin in the Strand 20 years ago

John Curtin is going abroad.

In his 59 years he has only once before been outside Australia.

Twenty years ago he attended the International Labor Conference in Geneva, visited England, and returned to Australia via South Africa.

MR. CURTIN will travel by secret route, possibly in some of the world's newest, fastest aircraft, to meet other world-famous figures in a conference that will shape the future destinies of the British Empire.

Those who know Mr. Curtin realise it will be a momentous journey for him.

A man of simple tastes, he will extract the same interest out of people and places on his journey that he took in his £4/10/- trips to Tasmania when, as secretary of the Victorian Timber Workers' Union, he saved up £5 to travel to Hobart to woo Elsie Needham.

Since he entered public life twenty-four years ago, Mr. Curtin has travelled 250,000 miles, only twice in aeroplanes.

He never travels with a bodyguard, and is probably the only wartime leader who strolls round streets, railway stations, and hotels with only one secretary.

The things Mr. Curtin remembers most vividly of his first trip abroad reveal that he has never forgotten his own simple beginnings and early struggles.

He remembers spending an hour in the British Museum and recalling "how these men, poor and obscure, had studied and learned and had become world figures;" and standing on a boulevard in Paris remembering the "feet that had trodden it for liberty."

He recalls watching a woman in a Welsh cottage scrubbing her husband's back after he had returned from the colliery.

Early struggles

HE quotes Ben Tillett, famous trades union leader, saying to him: "The farther I am from England the more British I become," and the late Albert Thomas, then Director of the International Labor Office, saying to him: "Labor Governments are the hope of the world." Makepeace making a century at Kennington Oval, and Warwick Armstrong at a dinner at the Regent Palace Hotel, London, are his outstanding earliest recollections during the trip.

And he remembers tossing a coin in the Strand to decide whether to return via the United States and the Pacific, or via the Cape of Good Hope.

His years of travelling round Australia without Mrs. Curtin to look after him have taught Mr. Curtin to do his own packing, and he is an expert, neat packer.

Probably no Australian Prime Minister has ever travelled as "light" as Mr. Curtin will.

Other Prime Ministers have had to be prepared for formal gatherings with morning suits, full evening dress, and court dress.

Mr. Curtin will probably take only

two suitcases, one of them a battered old one which has accompanied him thousands of miles round Australia, and was part of his luggage on his first trip abroad.

The Prime Minister wears orthodox business suits in quiet colors with a vest cut very high. He has two overcoats, one blue and one tweed.

He will probably take with him the bowler hat he wears on formal occasions, and the green felt hat which staggered Canberra after the orthodox dark hats he usually wears.

He never wears morning suits, invariably wears black shoes and old-fashioned plain black socks.

The tiring travelling and Britain's rationed food will probably remove the 10th Mr. Curtin has added to his normal list. 4th, since his arduous job as wartime Prime Minister cut down his main exercise—walking.

If he should have the opportunity of visiting Hollywood, Mr. Curtin will no doubt ask to meet Gloria Jean and Greer Garson, who are his film favorites. Claudette Colbert was his favorite film star until he saw Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver."

In England he will try to visit some of London's famous music halls. He has taken an enthusiastic interest in the stage for more than forty years, preferring old-time vaudeville to modern burlesque.

For a man who is naturally rather aloof, meeting the "big shots" at the Empire Conference will be rather an ordeal for him.

Though he knows Mr. Churchill well through correspondence and cables, the only Prime Minister he has met personally so far is Mr. Fraser, the N.Z. Prime Minister.

He met the King and Queen when they passed through Western Australia during their tour of Australia as Duke and Duchess of York.

Mr. Curtin dislikes pomp and cir-

MOST RECENT PORTRAIT of the 59-year-old Prime Minister. His itinerary to England will be kept secret. His first sea trip was a £4/10/- boat trip to Tasmania, thirty years ago.

cumstance, but has been a stickler for formalities as Prime Minister, mainly because he is determined that a Labor Prime Minister should

not be charged with being a "bow-

yang" Prime Minister.

In his relations with the

Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, he



LONDON BOBBY who helps hundreds of lost Dominions visitors will be a welcome friend to Mr. Curtin should he decide to explore the by-ways of London.



No. 10 DOWNING STREET, where Mr. Curtin will meet Mr. Churchill and fellow Prime Ministers from the other Dominions.

has fulfilled all the demands of etiquette and tradition, and his reception of visiting celebrities has always been marked by a sense of the dignity of his position as Prime Minister.

Yet he has cut through precedent and formality ruthlessly when the occasion required.

The world still remembers his direct cables to Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt, a thing no former Australian Prime Minister had ever done.

Mr. Curtin has no relatives in England. His forebears came from Ireland, but he knows of no relatives there.

He has a distant cousin, Anna Curtin, in Syracuse, New York, who has written to him occasionally for some years, and he hopes to meet her.

Australian doctor is hero of Anzio beachhead

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Over the bed of each patient at St. Nicholas' Hospital, Plumstead, London, there hangs to-day a picture, torn from favorite evening papers, of a fierce-looking, tin-hatted soldier who has just won the Military Cross on Anzio beachhead.

HE'S an Australian, Major Hyman Abramovich, one-time medical officer of St. Nicholas', who refused to join the Army Medical Corps because "he wanted to get a crack at the enemy himself."

"It's just what we expected of 'Bram,'" says everybody at the hospital.

Yet it's hard for many of the patients to reconcile the grimly determined face in the picture with that of the smiling, efficient doctor whose very presence made them feel better.

Those who knew him better—the medical superintendent, Dr. Frank Power, and Sister Grace Hoadley—see the same resoluteness that recognised no obstacles in the way to a patient's recovery.

"Bram" has an implacable hatred of the Nazis and all they stand for, and he preferred to fight them with the business end of a gun rather than with a scalpel.

His ability as a soldier, his capacity for leadership, and his fearlessness have taken him from the rank of private, in 1939, to major, in 1943, during the Tunisian campaign.

Sister Hoadley showed me passages from "Bram's" letters to her. She said: "This is the nearest thing to a gloomy letter he has ever written."

So we read between the lines and guessed he was having a pretty tough time. "Bram's" letter read: "I feel a hell for being out of it for forty-eight hours. Our company was very lucky, we have missed the worst, but we have had more discomfort than any other unit."

During the forty-eight hours Major Abramovich complained about, he

had his first shave for a week, first wash for four days, and first sleep for some time. He was having as much sleep as he could get before he "went back to the front line."

"I've heard that to the men of his regiment he's both soldier and doctor, for during the North African campaign he often helped out on the medical side," said Dr. Power.

He is of medium height, dark, clean-shaven.

Resolute young Dr. Abramovich came to England after graduating from Sydney University to do post-graduate work in London.

He is the younger son of Mr. J. Abramovich, of Sydney, and the late Mrs. Abramovich.

His brother, Dr. Leslie Abramovich, served with the Australian forces. He was recently discharged from the Army, and resumed private practice. He has three sisters—Dr. Suzanne Abramovich, Misses Dora and Anne Abramovich.

After he graduated in Sydney in 1935, young Dr. Hyman Abramovich was a resident at Canterbury District Hospital for some months. Then he went on to the resident staff of the Broken Hill District Hospital. He left for London late in 1936 as ship's doctor on the Hobson's Bay. For a time after his arrival in England he did locum work in the East End slums.

Editorial

APRIL 1, 1944

INVEST IN VICTORY

The Victory Loan, opened this week, is a clear call to Australians to make still further sacrifices.

The new loan is significantly named.

At times during this war the British peoples, fighting alone, have had little but blind faith to support their confidence in ultimate victory.

But to-day victory is in sight and responsible spokesmen have given hints that the last phase is about to begin.

That last phase will require a supreme effort of courage and endurance and the greatest mass of war material ever assembled.

The people of Australia must contribute their share of the enormous cost.

In planning economies to provide for bond purchases we might count our blessings.

Though thousands of homes are shadowed by grief for a man lost in battle, Australia's soil is untrampled by any foe, our homes unharmed by bombs, our tables still abundantly spread.

Buying Victory Loan bonds is one way of showing gratitude to the men who have fought right round the world to retain these blessings for Australia.

Vale Jack Gell

The Australian Women's Weekly suffered a great loss last week in the death of Mr. Jack Gell, our chief-of-staff.

Jack joined this paper soon after it was launched 11 years ago, bringing to it ripe experience and endless enthusiasm.

The whole staff has a sense of keen personal loss. We shall all miss Jack Gell, good friend, helpful comrade, capable journalist.

—THE EDITOR.



COMPANY FOOTBALL TEAM somewhere in New Guinea. Picture sent by Private H. D. Freer, who is fifth from the left at the back, to his mother at Macroopna, Victoria.

Swing band coaxes music from tin cans

Letters this week demonstrate the ingenuity of the Australian soldier and his ability to improvise.

Two of them tell of some of the boys' novel ideas for cymbals, drums, and guitars for swing bands. They made these instruments out of petrol containers, tin lids, bamboo, and a few cigarette papers.

I MUST tell you about our super swing band," writes Private A. Gozzard, in New Guinea, to his sister, Mrs. F. R. Davson, Antil Plains, Townsville, Queensland.

"Firstly, it comprises a set of drums manufactured from benzine containers of both the forty-four gallon type and the smaller five and six gallon size.

"The larger bass drum is a forty-four, cut down to within a foot of the bottom and covered with a sheepskin.

"The outfit is complete with all details and sundry objects, including cake-tin lids as cymbals.

"Our sound-effects make a native dance seem anaemic.

"Next comes the guitar. You should see it! It is a section of a biscuit-tin which once contained the ever-popular 'dog' variety!

"For extra zip and volume there are the two 'ukes."

"They are made of cake-tins with, of course, a wooden stem with strings attached.

"Finally, but not least, comes the mouth-organ, which is played exceptionally well by a lad in the next hut.

"One of the uke players has a definite mania for boogie-woogie, and goes to town in real jitterbug style.

"He has more moves than a centipede doing the hula-hula, and as he plays and sways he also sings. He's infectious.

"Our band is the work of one ambitious, enthusiastic, and ingenious lad in our hut.

"He is nuts about swing, and has itchy fingers which just couldn't rest until the Ken Denny Swing Band miraculously came into being.

"All we need now to make the band top-notch is a chromatic mouth-organ with more tone and better variation of keys than the one we have."



TRUE FISH STORY. Cpl. Arthur Bows (centre) sent this snap from North Australia to his mother, Mrs. A. Bows, 18 Gladstone Street, Belmont, N.S.W. The fish was caught in a nearby river.

Tpr. J. R. Smith, with a Com-mondo unit in New Guinea, to a friend in Sydney:

"WHILE back at a rest camp after a patrol, which really is a hit-and-run affair, someone struck the bright idea of forming a band.

"With various odds and ends we knocked together a few instruments which, although a bit queer and cumbersome to look at, give out a good tune.

"The bass drum is made from a Zero's belly-tank; tap-drum and cymbals out of dehydrated-potato drums. The 'gazoobas' (an instrument of our own invention) were created from the widely used and ever-present bamboo, plus some tin and a few cigarette papers.

"The fame of our instruments soon spread through the valley, and when we landed up front again to join the rest of the squadron, they were all eyes and ears.

"Carpenters got to work and made a Spanish guitar, ukulele, and a steel guitar.

"Materials used in making them were some three-ply, dropped by the 'biscuit bombers'; a piece of crashed Liberator, metal alloy from a propeller, and trip-wire which we use for setting up booby traps."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Driver E. Johnson, somewhere in New Guinea, to his sister, Miss P. Johnson, 382 Highett St., North Richmond, Vic.:

"WE have moved into the 'Hotel Ritz.' Yes, dear, we have all modern conveniences!

"The 'Ritz' is on a hill, amidst beautiful bush scenery, which is green all the year round. It is built with the latest in ventilation and comfort.

"Entering the bedrooms one is struck by the elegant and original design of the furniture. The beds are made of saplings, hessian, and bully-beef boxes, in canopy style, with lovely green nets draping their entire length.

"The convenience of everything is amazing. The bathroom and wash-house are of dual purpose design, and adjoin the bedrooms.

"There are, of course, no troublesome door-knobs to wrestle with. You step straight out of bed into it.

"The bathroom, being the very latest in all modern conveniences, has four and a half glorious portable buckets, and no bath. It really is a housewife's dream.

"Tucker at the 'Ritz' is wonderful; the chef is magnificent. Every day the menu includes tinned meat, tinned beans, tinned cabbage, and tinned spuds.

"Only one problem worries the resident medical officer. Every time we open our mouths we below. He thinks it must be caused by eating bully beef."



SGT/OBS. ALFRED SIDDONS, R.A.A.F., of Campsie, N.S.W., snapped in Canada before going on to England. While in New York he made a recording for "Anzac Calling Home."

Interesting People

MADAME KOLLONTAY
Minister Plenipotentiary

DURING momentous days of peace negotiations between Russia and Finland, Madame Kollontay held a key position. As Soviet Minister in Sweden she had task of stating the Soviet's terms to Finland. Is probably only woman ever to head a legation. Is only woman member of Central Executive Committee of U.S.S.R.

MR. NORMAN MIGHELL

... attacking coal problems
MUCH hard work these days for Commonwealth Coal Commissioner MigHELL; but recently contrived a week-end with his family while son, Gunter Harold MigHELL, A.I.F., was on leave from New Guinea. Likes his wife to tell him bright bits of gossip she hears round town. Comes from Mackay (Qld.), admitted as solicitor 1918, and barrister 1925, appointed chairman Repatriation Commission 1935. Is veteran of last war. Wounded at Gallipoli.

SISTER BETTY CLARKE
... nursed Churchill

DAUGHTER of a Durham miner and member of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service, Sister Betty Clarke suddenly found herself nursing Mr. Churchill, in Middle East. At 4 o'clock one morning was ordered, with another nurse, to an unknown destination. Wrote to her mother: "Quite the sort of thing that happens in a story book, and not to two ordinary sisters."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, March 29: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, March 30 (from 4.30 to 4.55): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, March 31: The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Goodie Reeve in 'Gems of Melody'."

SATURDAY, April 1: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio competition, 'Melody Foursquare'."

SUNDAY, April 2 (1.15 to 2.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, April 3: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, April 4: "Musical Alphabet."

Australian play for Broadway

Australian playwright Max Afford will shortly have a play running on Broadway, New York, at the same time as it is showing in Sydney.

HIS three-act comedy thriller, "Lady in Danger," due to open on Broadway soon, is at present showing at the early evening session at the Theatre Royal, presented by J. C. Williamson in conjunction with 2GB and Macquarie.

"Lady in Danger" is the first Australian play presented in Sydney by J. C. Williamson for twenty years, and it was enthusiastically received. The cry of "author" at the final curtain had a rare flavor for Australian theatregoers.

"Lady in Danger" has to do with the adventures of a young married couple who find themselves enmeshed in a net of Nazi espionage.

When it was presented at the Independent Theatre two years ago, Afford's skill in the use of his material, and the professional possibilities of this play, were clearly seen.

A native of Adelaide, Max Afford is a prolific writer of radio plays, and one of the few Australian authors to make such writing a full-time job.

He began his career as a writer of descriptive "specials" for the Adelaide Press, and came into prominence in 1930, when he won an A.B.C. Australia-wide competition with his thriller, "Merry Go Round."

Max Afford has written 300 episodes of "First Light Fraser," the scene heard on 2GB every Monday to Thursday at 7.15, and is also the author of "Digger Hale's Daughters," which has a regular audience on 2GB and Macquarie stations every Monday to Thursday at 6.45.

He has had the distinction of having a radio play translated into Polish, and some years ago won the £100 South Australian play contest with a three-act drama, "Colonel Light."

FILM GUIDE

*** **Stage Door Canteen.** A superb piece of Hollywood stunting with forty-seven stars from the screen, stage, and radio. The stars go about their routine work at the canteen as a background to a simple love story. Yehudi Menuhin adds lustre, and six famous bands provide music.—Regent; showing.

** **White Savage.** Technicolor greatly enhances this escapist tale of action, romance, and drama set on a South Sea paradise. Maria Montez makes a lovely native princess; Jon Hall a dashing shark-baiterman; and Sabu, a self-appointed Cupid.—Empire; showing.

** **Top Man.** Light-hearted comedy-drama featuring an ingratiating bunch of youngsters headed by Donald O'Connor, Susanna Foster, and Peggy Ryan. The trite story is pepped up with dancing and singing.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

* **The Kansan.** Familiar sort of Western, with Richard Dix as a vigorous hero, and Jane Wyatt as romantic interest.—Civic; showing.

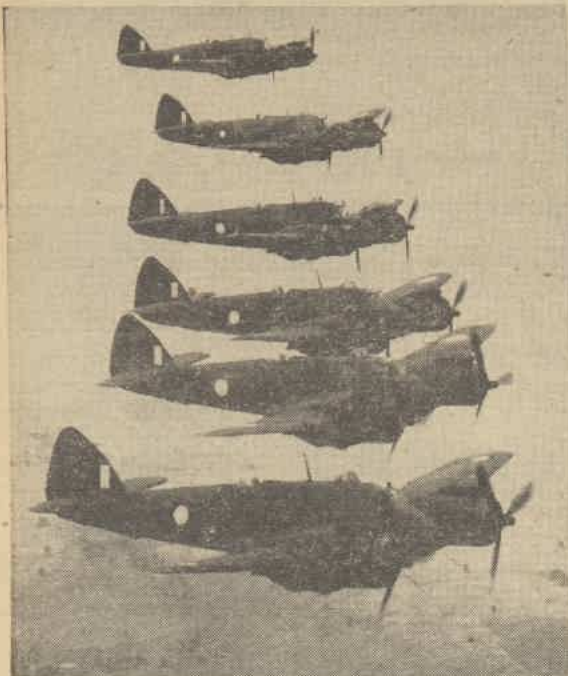


MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** Giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in the wrestling game as a result of **SHARPY:** A wealthy manager, tricking Lothar into signing a contract with him. The Nubian makes a sensational debut by defeating Killer, a front-rank wrestler, and is matched with

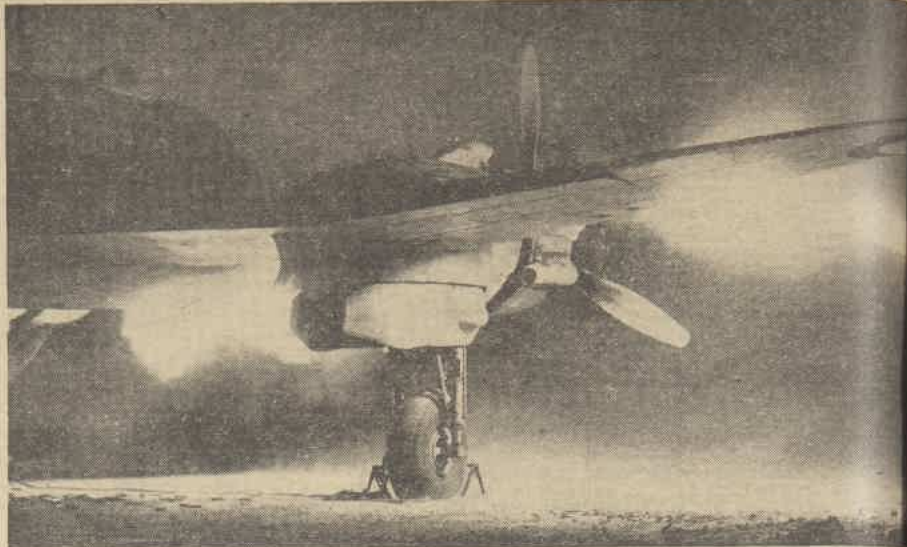
BONECRUSHER: As a stepping-stone to the championship. That wrestler is afraid he will meet the same fate as Killer, while Lothar, after refusing to take part in the battle, says he will not make an effort to win. Meantime Bonecrusher, panicked by fear, has to be dragged from his dressing-room into the arena. NOW READ ON:



A.I.F. CHRISTENED THEM WHISPERING



BEAUFIGHTERS flying in formation during training exercises at an Australian aerodrome.



NIGHT FIRING FROM A BEAUFIGHTER, most heavily armed fighter in the world, presents a terrifying sight and six machine-guns, fired into a target butt, light up the darkness.

Beaufighters—terror of North—are dream planes to their crews

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Who with The Australian Women's Weekly photographer BILL BRINDLE spent several days with a Beaufighter training unit.

The A.I.F. christened them "Whispering Death"—the Beaufighters which swooped from the mists over Wau to strafe the Japanese attacking the small garrison.

Almost before the sound of their engines came to the weary troops they heard the roar of their heavy gunfire, the gunfire of the most heavily armed fighter in the world (four cannon and six machine-guns) blazing from each of the sleek, flat-topped, twin-engined planes.

MOST of the pilots and navigators who brought "whispering death" to the Japanese at Wau, Lae, Buna, Mambare, Milne Bay, and the Bismarck Sea are now instructors at Australia's largest aerodrome, where we have just spent several days. With them are other air crews from a Beaufighter squadron in Darwin.

In this Operational Training Unit, flying instructors and observer instructors are mostly men who crewed up during their own training.

They have been together in battle areas, and are still working together. The ground staff with this training unit were also with squadrons in New Guinea and Darwin.

Average age middle twenties, there is a polish and earnestness about the Beaufighter boys that goes strangely with their young eyes and boyish grins.

But their part of the war means split-second thinking, a dashing

response to danger without foolhardiness, and cool control of a machine of tremendous power—all summed up in their own words, "flying by the seat of your pants."

In ground strafing, sweeps on shipping, low-level attacks on enemy gun batteries and airfields, Beaufighters fly at "dam-all feet"—which means anything UP to forty feet, over mast-tops and trees—generally in follow-the-leader formation, which the air crews call in their lighter moments "playing ring-a-rose."

Every flying man believes that his particular aircraft is quite the best in the world.

The Beaufighter man believes not only that the Beaufighter is the best in the world, but that every other flying man agrees with him.

He will tell you that she is a "dream of a plane," and that to him his aircraft is what his ship is to the sailor.

"You'll find the ground staff think the same way," one of them said.

"When you come in from operations, their anxiety about how she did and their pride in what she did provide a few very intense minutes."

The instructors convert Service Flying Training School trainees, Empire Air Scheme personnel, and ex-instructors to flying in heavy aircraft.

The training is made as realistic as possible, with sea markers and drogues at sea.

The course finishes with an actual sortie, when the Beaufighters attack another big training school a long way inland.

Fighter-pilot trainees from this other station come up to meet the Beaufighters; the pilots learn the various ways in which enemy fighters can intercept them, and a good time is had by all.

The operational instructors lead all formations.

Many of the ex-instructors being trained as Beaufighter pilots have 500 or more flying hours up. Their previous experience has trained them in superbly correct flying. Their new training teaches them to fly with that extra dash, "to shoot straight and hit hard"—in the chorus of "whispering death."

C.O. of the unit is good-looking, blue-eyed Wing-Commander Brian Reginald ("Black Jack") Walker, son of a South Australian clergyman.



LUNCH TIME milk drinkers. (L. to R.) F/Lt. Ernie Coate, D.F.C. and Bar, S/Ldr. Ross Little, D.F.C., and F/Lt. Jack Eastchistle.

His black handle-bar moustache is the most impressive of a number of carefully tended moustaches.

There are several legends about how he acquired his nickname. The most widely circulated one told by the instructors is that in his early days in the permanent Air Force in W.A. he flew every day on the meteorological flight, and gave an aerobatic display on the way back. The gaping public christened him the "Black angel from Pearce."

Bismarck battle

"BLACK JACK'S" forage cap is worn at an angle which suggests that Nature provided him with a hat-peg on his head.

He describes his part in the Bismarck Sea battle, when he won the D.S.O., as "going over on the top and having a quiet browse round."

Assistant C.O. Squadron-Leader Ron ("Torchy") Uren, D.F.C., and Chief Flying Instructor Squadron-Leader Ross Little, D.F.C., have been together since their early pre-operational days, and were the last two of the original members to be replaced in the New Guinea squadron.

"Torchy," quiet and muggy, has springy, rusty hair and brown eyes.

Nearest thing he has had to any excitement, he says, was when "going over" Lae, the stuff—55 slugs—came up through the rear portion of the fuselage, some of it through the observer's parachute, leaving "much dust and confusion" in the cockpit.

Ross Little joined the Citizen Air Force in 1938. He led No. 1 Beaufighter flight in the Bismarck Sea battle.

O.C. of the Beaufighter instructors is sturdy, good-looking Flight-Lieutenant Ernie Coate, D.F.C. and Bar, who has nine aircraft confirmed and seven probables to his credit.

Flying-Officer Colin Campbell, D.F.C., flew transports from South



W.A.A.F. ARMORERS. ACW Phil Robertson and ACW Phil Young loading a Beaufighter's machine-guns.



W/CMDR. BRIAN ("BLACK JACK") WALKER, D.S.O., talking to flying instructors before taking off on a formation flight. L. to R.: W/Cmdr. Walker, S/Ldr. Ron Uren, D.F.C., F/Lt. Ken MacDonald, D.F.C., F/O. Colin Campbell, D.F.C., S/Ldr. Ross Little, D.F.C., F/Lt. Mike Burrows, and F/Lt. Ernie Coate, D.F.C. and Bar.

DEATH . . .



F/O. COL CAMPBELL takes a look at the empty cannon shells being gathered up by the ground staff after the night firing.

the glare and flames from its four cannon



DEFLECTION SHOOTING. F/Lt. John Maguire, D.F.C., and F/Lt. Jack demonstrate deflection shooting training. On a microphone, the instructor tells the angle of flight and speed of the model aircraft as light directed by the trainer on to lines on the white board records the accuracy of his shooting.

Agulhas, was with a squadron in the Middle East, a Dutch East Indies after the war.

When he blew up the ammunition dump at Lae, the blast from the dump blew in the front of his plane, but he suffered only minor injuries.

Flight-Lieutenant Maguire, D.S.O., D.F.C., has been with it since it was founded, but has not yet been away on operational duties. He hopes to go soon.

Flight-Lieutenant "Mike" Burrows, who has spent most of his life in F/Lt. says he has "led a quiet life" in the Air Force.

After a raid on Garove Island he came back on one engine.

He qualified for the Kangaroo Club when he had to bale out after a collision in northern Australia.

Plump, fair Flight-Lieutenant Jack Entwistle spent eighteen

months as an instructor before joining a squadron in Darwin, where he was credited with two aircraft, destroyed over Taberfane.

Another Darwin man is Flight-Lieutenant Ken McDonald, D.F.C., whose eight aircraft destroyed on the ground include three on one trip.

The majority of the Beaufighter boys are married. Of the flying-instructors only four are bachelors.

Accommodation is scarce near the aerodrome, so very few have been able to bring their wives to live near them. The lucky ones who live out are able to "go home to mum" at the end of the day's work.

Flight-Lieutenant McDonald, after spending his day among 1250 h.p. aircraft, "goes home to mum" on a single-stroke motor bike. His friends call it "Three mouse-power."

Flying-Officer Denis Cowper, chief ground instructor, was with a squadron at Milne Bay in torpedo-bombing attacks just after the attempted Jap landing there.

Photographic reconnaissance instructor, Flight-Lieutenant John Maguire, D.F.C., was in Singapore, and escaped in a cattle boat.

Navigation officer, Flying-Officer Eric Richards, Flying-Officer Frank Magee, D.F.C., and Flight-Sergeant Jack Newton were navigators with a squadron in Darwin.

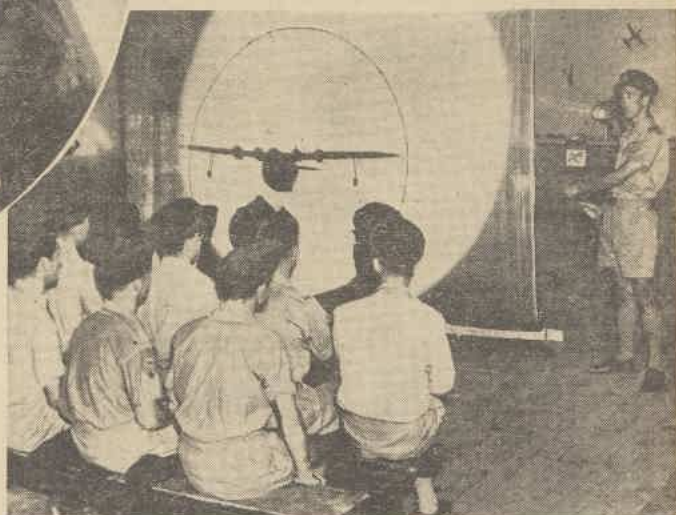
Flying-Officer Peter White, Flying-Officer Arthur Hodges, and Flying-Officer Harry Southern were navigators with a New Guinea squadron.

On your way to the hangar in the early morning you pass a group of buildings where the navigator-observers are already "at school" in the classrooms.

The hangar and tarmac are noisy and busy till the aircraft have gone off on the morning's duties.



C.O. OF THE OFFICERS' TRAINING UNIT, W/Cmdr. Brian ("Black Jack") Walker, signals to turn off the aircraft engines.



AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION. Trainee observers learn range and recognition of aircraft from a shadowgraph—shadow of a model aircraft is thrown on a screen from behind. F/O. Richards is exhibiting a Japanese flying-boat.

A few of the instructors are left doing their desk work on printed forms, log books, etc., with rather pained expressions and impressive concentration.

Cpl. Beth Paterson makes a cup of tea, boiling the water in a billy made from a paint tin; the two Waaf armorers load ammunition into some more aircraft. You inspect with admiration the Grand Old Lady of the squadron.

She has been with them since the squadron made its first strike in New Guinea, and has never let them down.

She has two names, both of them nearly worn off her fuselage. On one side "Old Faithful" has been painted, on the other "Old Reliable."

You spend another hour or so visiting the aircraft recognition classroom, the deflection shooting-room.

By the time you're back at the hangar, some of the instructors and trainees have returned.

You find to your astonishment that some of them have flown across the borders of three States to engage in a mock attack on shipping.



TRAINEE OBSERVERS in the briefing room getting the "drill" from their instructors. L. to R. (standing): F/O. Harry Southern, F/O. Denis Cowper (Chief Ground Instructor), and F/Lt. Smallman, Meteorological Officer.

Continuing . . . Wings To Beat

from page 7

HE was in the habit of carrying a small compass in the pocket of his car and he crawled to the park to pick it up. All the broken glass had been replaced and the damage repaired, and his car now looked respectable again.

As he climbed the boundary fence he muttered, "I'm close up to the junction now. If only Bloom were in sight."

By crow-fly it was roughly five miles across country to the mission. That meant over an hour of brisk walking.

About a mile from the boundary he passed the banks of a dam which had been constructed to take the storm-water drainage of the station. It had not rained since the station had been opened, and therefore the dam was dry and empty.

It was a big dam, for many square miles of bitumen and gravel surface had been laid down providing a wide catchment area, but for all its size Rogers had claimed that one good thunderstorm would fill it. He considered it was not nearly large enough and had tried to get the plans altered. To some extent he had succeeded.

Presently Don came to a rise and looked across to the monastery. Almost every window on the northern side of the mellow old pile was alight—not a bright light, but dim and pale. A fire glowed in a paddock close at hand. Somebody burning off, he decided.

Some twenty minutes later he was passing the pigsties. He crept down the avenue of olives and passed the shed which he had marked for future investigation.

Don reached the wall. He judged the top to be about twelve feet from the ground. It was flat, for the wall had been built as a shield for privacy, and not as an obstacle against assault. He cast round for something to stand on, and eventually found a rusty wheel from an old agricultural implement propped against a shed.

He trundled it cautiously over to the wall and leaned it up against it.

He had left the station without hat or tunic. In shorts and shirt he felt equal to any scramble.

He hauled himself up, lay for a moment along the wall while he looked down, then with a prayer of thankfulness he sighted a shrubbery below him and dropped. He chose an oleander to hide behind; crawled beneath its weighted branches and, flat on his stomach, surveyed the ground ahead.

The north-east corner of the monastery was some 50 yards away. The shrubbery as far as he could see was merely a border beneath the wall, the rest was open.

Some of the lights in the upper windows which he had seen from the distance began to blink out, and he was reminded of the fact that monks retired early. He had yet to find Father Peter's room, yet to prove his hunch that it would be on the eastern side. He had to get busy.

He began to move, then suddenly stiffened. For the last half-hour he had heard aircraft in the sky to the north. Now he heard the drone of a car engine coming along the highway toward the monastery swiftly. He waited until he heard the squeal of its brakes, then moved again. That, he thought, would be Dutchy arriving. Dutchy's car always squealed when braked. He felt pleased.

He crept up through the shrubbery until he was level with the corner of the monastery. He paused there and counted the lighted slits on the eastern side. There were a score in all—twenty rooms, provided a room in a monastery did not have the luxury of two windows.

Half-way along there was a door set in an archway. It also had a slit, but the aperture was small, its light so dim it was just a wan spot in the night. It looked as if it might open into a badly lit corridor.

Don was about to leave the shadows of the shrubs when the door creaked. It was being opened from within. He shrank back and watched, surprised to find that he

was trembling. He was getting nervous and excited.

The door opened and he saw a large, bulky shape slouching against the dimly lit corridor. Don guessed it was a monk. The monk stood there for a minute, silent, and then Don heard footsteps coming from the front.

Don peered round his bush. Two vague figures appeared. A voice greeted the monk softly: "Good evening, Father Peter—". Another voice repeated the salutation, and Father Peter acknowledged it gravely.

Don thrilled. The first voice had been Dutchy's. He could not have hoped for anything better than this.

Father Peter was speaking—in a low voice. Don could not hear what he was saying. The three moved inside the door, Father Peter leading. He stood aside and let the other two enter. Dutchy went first. The other man was in a civilian suit. He was short and thick, but that was all Don saw of him before the monk's bulk blotted him out.

The door creaked and shut. The next moment Don was flying across the open space. He wanted to see which way the party went.

On the other side of the door he heard the faint shuffling of boots on stone. He applied his eye to the slit in the door and was just in time to see Father Peter disappearing up a passage to the left. Don's excitement grew. It was almost certain that, because of his art, Father Peter had an outside room, and all he had to do was to pace it with them on a parallel course, and listen at each window.

He paused for a moment at the first. No sounds broke the silence. The monk who occupied it was probably reading, or engrossed in some silent scholastic or monastic study. Don passed on.

In the second room a monk was singing to himself. The third was quiet and remained so. In the fourth an earnest discussion was being carried on over the relative merits of two classes of pigs; one voice gently, but firmly insisted that the Berkshire made the best baconer, the other politely rejected the opinion. Don grinned and passed on.

The fifth and sixth were quiet. In the seventh a political argument was in progress, but there was too much Spanish used for Don to understand entirely what it was all about. The eighth and ninth were like illuminated tombs. Don approached the tenth rather anxiously, but silence reigned there, too.

He began to doubt then whether Father Peter had a room with an eastern aspect. Maybe, he thought more brightly, I overran them. Perhaps they halted in the passage for a word or two. He turned and made his way back.

Opposite the third window he halted with a thrill. Father Peter was talking.

"I've received a letter from Manila. Father Sebastian has it now. He will pass it on in the usual way."

"That's good." It was Dutchy speaking. "I was beginning to worry. You know how things are—". His voice trailed off expressively.

"I know, my son, I know. You have shown signs of strain and suffering of late. They have not escaped my eyes. But have patience and courage. The end is in sight."

"The end, yes," Dutchy gave a short laugh. "But the ending could be quite an unhappy one for me."

"It will not be unhappy," said the priest gently.

The third member of the party spoke then. His voice was thick and expressionless. He spoke English with some difficulty.

"I don't like the business very much. To me it is looking bad. We have listened all the week, but nothing we have heard. It looks to me as if they are waiting to hear from us."

"Father Sebastian will communicate with our friends. There was little we could do until the letter arrived from Manila. Now that we have it we can act further. Father Sebastian will get the information away at the first opportunity."

"That means," grumbled the voice, "it will be two weeks before they hear. It is a long while. If only we could get something on the radio. It would be so satisfying to us."

"You must have patience, too." This sounded to Don almost like a rebuke. "It has been a long silence, but it will break shortly. You must not get restless yet."

Dutchy asked, "Apart from the

particulars, did Manila have anything else for us?"

"Nothing."

There followed a short silence. Don looked round for something to stand on. He intended somehow or other to have a good look at the third man while he had the opportunity. The slotted window was well above his head; there was no hope of peeping through it from ground level. But there was nothing within range that he could use, and he was reluctant to go in search of something while they were still talking.

Dutchy was speaking again, but now his voice was not quite so clear. Don missed the first words.

"If he does he'll get what is coming to him. He's managed to dodge it so far, but his luck won't hold for ever. If only I had shot straight when I had him in my sights."

"His time will come," intoned the priest, and Don felt his skin tingle. They were surely talking about him now. "I'm frightened he might do something before we get him first," worried Dutchy. "He's on to what we're up to. I feel certain of that. Yet—"

"You must not torture yourself with vague fears, my son."

The foreigner contributed a remark.

"I have no worries about what he might know. It must be very little, if any. He is watchful and suspicious and a little bit shrewd. That is all. Maybe he would not have been watchful at all if we had not written him a note. That was one big mistake. But he did not tell the others. He was frightened to. It is the others who make me uneasy and keep me from my sleep. If we make one false move we are gone. And it is so easy to blunder."

"The price for blunders runs high," said Dutchy. He sounded bitter. "I know. I've paid for plenty. I don't want to pay for any more."

There was another silence. Presently Father Peter mentioned painting. Dutchy said, "All right. I'll do a bit. But I don't feel too much in the mood for it."

"It will help you to relax, my son."

And then, "What would you like to do? Read?" He was apparently addressing the foreigner.

"Sure. Something with pictures in it—"

DON stole away. It was as good a time as any to search for something to stand on. He went toward the back of the monastery; there would be outhouses there, he thought, which might contain a box.

He turned the corner furtively. Everything was still.

He crossed the gravel yard, stepping carefully, and found a row of outhouses. The first he investigated was a laundry with a copper and wash-bins. The next was a wood-house. The next was padlocked.

He went the whole length of the buildings without finding anything suitable for his needs. He got anxious then, and made his way back. If he couldn't see the stranger he didn't want to miss anything he might say.

When he reached the window he heard a door shut, and a new voice spoke. He recognised it as Father Sebastian's. He sounded genial.

"Well, have you given the boys their pep talk?"

There was a laugh at that.

"They are naturally anxious," said Father Peter.

"Of course. Of course. But there is nothing to worry at. Keep calm and have faith." He was addressing the boys now, obviously. "Things are coming out well," he said.

"What time is your broadcast tomorrow night, Father?" This was the foreigner.

Father Sebastian mentioned the usual time.

"Haf you anything special you're putting over?"

"Something of my own composition," said the priest gravely and modestly. "Some people might not understand it, but it will interest a few, no doubt. Will you be listening?"

"I'm afraid I haf not the car for music," said the foreigner, and Dutchy laughed almost lightly heartily as if he had really found a soothing salve in the point. He said, "What do you think of this effort, Father Sebastian?" Do you think it would fool anybody?"

Father Sebastian said, "Yes, it looks beautiful and majestic. It is camouflage, but it does not conceal your art. You are getting better every lesson."

Don looked up at the window de-

Animal Antics



"Gosh, nothing ever happens round here!"

spairingly, provoked afresh. He would have given a lot to have a look at the canvas Dutchy was engaged on.

Father Peter said absently, "I have been expecting a ring from your Mr. Rooke. He seemed so very keen to look over our paintings when he was here with Miss Dawn."

"That visit's scrubbed," remarked Dutchy. "He can't get off the station now, remember."

"Ah, yes. I'd forgotten." He added dryly, "He can't find the precautions very amusing."

Dutchy said, "It suits me. His attentions might have become more awkward."

There was a further silence. Father Sebastian broke it. "I have meant to ask you before. How much does Miss Dawn know?"

Dutchy said slowly, "Not much. She guessed some, and I had to tell her a bit."

"You mustn't let her know too much," warned the priest.

"She's all right. It was a bit difficult explaining, but I know just how far to trust women."

"You do now," dryly.

"Some women," amended Dutchy. "Anyway, I put myself in her hands without revealing everything, and she bore up all right. No warnings of yours could shake my faith in her now."

Don strained his ears for more, but nothing further was said. He thought, so that's how it is. She's in the know—up to a point. She's behind Dutchy.

He felt his heart sink a little, but he rallied to the realisation that her knowledge could be less than nothing where the bigger issues were concerned.

When the silence in the room remained unbroken, Don again gave thought to the problem of obtaining a look at the foreigner, and decided to make another search. He stole away, but instead of going straight across the yard he kept to the border of the shrubbery. He was not overlooking the possibility of a gardener's barrow having been left standing round.

He was almost at the end of the shrubbery when he stopped suddenly, listening. A sound among the shrubs had caught his ear, a soft thud and scrape of a boot on loose soil, or the dry rustle of a branch.

Don drew back, his eyes searching the gloom of the shrubbery uneasily.

Then suddenly he grew impatient. He had to take a risk or call it a day and make his retreat. And as he badly wanted to look over the foreigner and Dutchy's canvas he decided to take the risk.

He crept past the first door and stole into the woodhouse.

His first search had been almost hasty. This time he delved far and wide, striking matches cautiously as he went, peering into all the corners. He stumbled on to a pile of pine pieces which had once been crates. They were useless to him now, but they urged him on. There must be other boxes around that had not yet fallen to the axe.

But he found none, and, disappointed, returned to the door. He craned his head cautiously round the door looking toward the shrubbery. He looked the wrong way. There was a shuffle of feet; something smote him hard on the head. He dropped to the ground with barely a groan.

(To be continued)

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Youth Speaks

Australia's youth debating on topics of the day.

7.30 P.M. FRIDAY 2GB

BALLAD TIME

Lovely words set to melodies of enduring charm . . . the ballad beautiful of to-day and yesterday.

FRIDAY 2GB 9.15 P.M.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

CAUTION and patience should be the watchwords for this week, for restlessness and indiscretions will provide pitfalls and later regrets for many, and difficulties, obstructions, and upsets for the majority.

At the same time there are some very good periods to be enjoyed and due use of by the wise and diligent, especially if they belong to the signs Aries, Leo, or Sagittarius, and in some cases to Gemini and Aquarius.

But let Librans beware carelessness, losses, opposition, and upsets, and Cancerians and Capricornians dodge discord, delays, and changes.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Keep cool. Opportunities and gains probable. Make desired changes. Ullies March 2 (evening), fair; March 20 (to forenoon), good, evening poor; March 30 (to forenoon), good; April 2 (evening), April 3 (morning), fair; afternoon and evening poor; and April 4 (especially round midnight and mid-evening).

TACRUS (April 21 to May 21): March 28 (at April 1 (midday hours)) slightly helpful, but reserve important success for two or three weeks.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): March 28 (round midnight) and March 29 (to forenoon) quite good. Ullies constructively, March 30 to forenoon good, also.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Be patient and cautious now. Difficulties beset your plans, and upsets or arguments arise unexpectantly. Dodge dangers of all kinds, including heat, especially on March 31, and April 2 (early). April 1 obstructive.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Seek desired promotions, changes, gains, and favors now. Opportunities probable, especially March 28 (round midnight), March 29 (to forenoon), March 30 (to forenoon), April 2 (late p.m. best), April 3 (afternoon and evening best), and April 4 (sunrise and evening hours best).

VIRGO (August 25 to September 23): A week for routine tasks. March 28 to 31 (midnight), also April 2 (dawn). April 4 (evening) fair.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Take no risks for losses, partings, opposition, and disappointments are possible but few. This is especially so on March 31 (to 5 a.m.) and mid-evening (can be severe) and April 1 and April 2 (especially before sunrise). April 1 and 4 can bring work.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): March 28 and 31 (early), April 2 (late), and mid of April 3 and 4 can be mildly trying. Routine best now. April 1 (midday hours) just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 22): Keep busy. Seek desired goals and changes now. Opportunities possible. Ullies March 28 (early) fair; April 2 (afternoon), but late evening best; April 3 (especially in afternoon and after 8 p.m.); and April 4 (especially round sunrise and sunset). Other days poor.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Be guarded. Arguments and upsets now can have far-reaching effects. Try to dodge delay, needless difficulties, and worry, especially on March 31 (to 9 a.m. and evening hours worst), April 1, and April 2 (early). But April 3 and 4 can be uplifting, too.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): March 28 (late), March 29 (to forenoon), and March 30 (to forenoon) can be quite helpful. But be cautious from March 31 to April 4.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Best results now obtained by consolidating past plans. Routine best. March 28 (early) fair, with midnight poor; March 29 to 31, poor; April 1 (midday hours) and April 1 (late p.m.), just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Are you the one I had to meet or the one I had to kiss goodbye?"

Fashion PATTERNS

F4754.—Neat, attractive winter style for smart young 12 to 16-year-old misses. Requires 3½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F4771.—Lovely nightgown for the fuller figure. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2365.—Featuring the new divided petticoat (petti and scanties in one). Sizes 22 to 38in. bust, or 36 to 42in. hips. Requires 2½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F6838.—New season's style in suits. Dressy. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F4771

F4754

F2365

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

SMALL BOY'S SUIT

With the pattern clearly traced on a serge-like, warm material, in shades of navy-blue, deep rose, grey, and lido-blue, this useful little two-piece is available all ready to cut out and stitch up.

With double-breasted shirt, collarless neckline, long full sleeves gathered into band at wrist, and with cozy trousers buttoned at the waistline, this is the ideal garment for a small boy.

7 to 4 years, 18/11 (12 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 22/11 (15 coupons). Plus 8½d. postage. Please ask for No. 455.

455

456

SLIM-FITTING SATIN SLIP

This useful, ready-to-make comes in a lovely lingerie satin in pink, blue, or white.

The transverse top is unusual, and shows a scalloped shoulder-strap and armhole, and inset piece in bodice.

A small dorsal motif is also ready for embroidery. Slip is slim with narrow panel effect.

Ready to Cut and Sew: 32 and 34in. bust, 18/6 (18 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 18/7 (18 coupons). Plus 6½d. postage.

Please ask for No. 456.

Please enclose required coupons, and state size, when ordering needlework or patterns.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page.

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns or needlework items priced to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 4912, G.P.O., Perth; Box 489P, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 125C, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 4009V, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle; Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

F4809.—Boy's dressing-gown, good style, attractive. Sizes 10 to 16 years. Requires 4½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2158.—Smart check suit that will win instantaneous appeal. Note yoke-line, collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36in. wide, or 3½ yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6838

F2158

Fashion Frock Service

"TRUDY"—SMART, PRACTICAL FROCK

This ready-to-wear dress is fashioned from an excellent quality flax crepe, in daisy-buck, powder-blue, forest-green, rosy-tint, navy-blue, black and also white.

Note choker neckline, well-extended shoulders, long, slim sleeves, and a lower waistline from which the skirt falls in front, fullness. Self-covered buttons fasten the front, and a self-material belt completes waistline.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 65/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 73/11 (12 coupons). Plus 1/6½ postage.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 47/6 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 48/6 (12 coupons). Plus 1/6½ postage.

"COLLEEN"—TAILOR-FITTING FROCK IN STAPLE FIBRE

This style is also made up ready to wear, in a medium-weight winter cloth named staple fibre. It has the appearance of a serge cloth. Shades available: Grey, navy-blue, lido-blue, deep rose.

The design features the shaped shoulder-yoke, turn-back collar, long sleeves, and the front fullness in skirt is popular for the coming season. Shoulders are well extended, and the front fastened with self-covered buttons.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 67/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 73/11 (12 coupons). Plus 1/6½ postage.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 46/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/11 (12 coupons). Plus 1/6½ postage.

How to obtain "TRUDY" and "COLLEEN" in N.W., obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3488H, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip, and bust measurements.

F4809



ARRANGING RED CROSS EXHIBIT. Mrs. Gillmore Rees and Dorothy Field choose display photographs for Red Cross Exhibition, which opens at Anthony Hordern's Art Gallery this Tuesday, at 11 a.m. Exhibition, which shows various sections of Red Cross activities, remains open until April 6.



NATIONAL DRESS. Betty and Louise Lammers, attractive members of Dutch community in Sydney, look picturesque in national dress when they collect in Martin Place for A.C.F. Day. Funds from Day will provide comforts for servicemen and servicewomen.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Lieut. Johann Anton Knemmen, Royal Netherlands Air Force, and his bride, former Rosemary Pearce, at reception at Pickwick Club, which follows wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Rosemary is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Pearce, of Darling Point.

On and off DUTY.

"REMINDS me of the little restaurants I used to visit in England and on the Continent," says Lady Wakehurst when she opens Stage Door Canteen at 5 Barrack Street.

Galaxy of stars contribute to programme — Stella Wilson sings numbers she sang to servicemen in New Guinea when she toured there. Peter Davison brings house down with "Changing of the Guard." Marie Burke, Kitty Bluest, Babe Smith, and Terry Howard complete all-star cast. Gesture of goodwill from The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen when delicious spaghetti is cooked at club for canteen's supper.

Feature of canteen is that ex-servicemen will be welcomed. "We feel they have done their bit," say committee members.

MRS. W. E. ROBERTS receives gift of book, "Royal Marines," published by British Admiralty, from daughter Pam, in England. Book tells details of Marine service, and makes several mentions of Pam's husband, Lieut.-Col. J. C. (Popo) Mannors, D.S.O., who is member of Royal Marines. Pam now staying at Andover, Hampshire, with six-months-old baby son, Michael.

SEWING bee for members of Mosman Day Nursery Committee who prepare equipment for nursery which they plan to open just after Easter. Members spend day sewing bibs, face washers, towels, and edging blankets at Mosman Methodist school hall.

Nursery will accommodate 45 children, and address will be 33 Brierley Street, Mosman. Mrs. Percy Spender is president of branch.

CHARMING Joyce Greer, Australian pianist, will have new home—and so will her Steinway grand piano. Joyce plans quiet wedding at Sydney registry office with Denis de Hoiesch, Continental artist, and will live at his harbourside studio at Lavender Bay. For daytime practice, Joyce leaves flat behind studio where she installs another piano. Couple plan honeymoon at sheep station at Dubbo, belonging to Joyce's cousin, Mrs. George Clark.

MELBOURNE visitor, Mary Kierman, lunches with Sydney hostess, Lady Fuller, at Prince's. Lady Poynter and Mrs. Rex Bennett make up foursome. Mary gives piano recital this Tuesday at Conservatorium in aid of Red Cross Society.



HANDICRAFTS. A/S/O. Lee Gill and A/S/O. Lucy Lee with samples of handicrafts shown at W.A.A.F. Conference, which is to train officers in recreational activities for airwomen.

NEWS from Queensland tells me two-year-old Philip Thompson is delighted with his new baby sister, Diana, when he visits his mother, Mrs. Philip Thompson, former Patricia Nall, of Sydney, at St. Andrew's private hospital, Toowoomba.

Pat's mother, Mrs. H. H. Nall, of Mosman, goes to Toowoomba, for visit to see new grandchild.

MRS. HECTOR McFARLANE and two small daughters, Julia and Sally, return to station, "Milly Milly," Young, after month's holiday in Sydney. Mrs. McFarlane, who is commandant of Young Red Cross V.A. Detachment, gave month's holiday in service as V.A. at Lady Wakehurst Convalescent Home.

APRIL 28 is the date chosen by Diane Dupain for her marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point, with Squadron-Leader Tommy Stokes, R.A.A.F. Diane's sister, Mrs. Roy Wyatt, will be matron of honor.

STAGE DOOR CANTEN. "Wee Georgie Harris" (Corporal George Harris, U.S. Army) actor member of America's Stage Door Canteen, pays unexpected visit to gala opening of Sydney's Stage Door Canteen, run by members of stage and radio profession, at 5 Barrack Street.



FEMININE PUNTERS. Mrs. Anthony Hordern, Jun. (right), attends A.C.F. race meeting at Randwick with Aylwin Marsh. Betty and Tony now settled in home at Bellevue Hill.

"HOPE to clear £1000 profit for the year," says Polly King, organiser for the Kindergarten Union's special £5000 appeal, when she talks about recently opened sandwich shop at 66 Druff Street. Shop run by men's committee working with Kindergarten Union. Voluntary women helpers bake home-made cakes, which are sold out each morning by 11 o'clock. Aim of committee is to open men's luncheon club on second floor of building some time during next month.

SETTLING into new home, "Minoru," Carinda are newly weds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKellar. Bride was former Barbara Rouse, elder daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rouse, of Mudgee. Bridegroom, who is well-known grazier, is eldest son of late Mr. and Mrs. D. E. McKellar, of "Wooyeo," Lake Cargelligo, and of Lindfield.



FIVE SERVICE CHEVRONS. Squadron-Leader Gregory Graham, R.A.A.F., who has seen service in England, France, Crete, Greece, Middle East, and New Guinea, and his bride, former ACW Esma Paine, W.A.A.F., leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street.

Heard Around TOWN

TWO-STONE diamond engagement ring set in platinum for Mavis Millyard, who announces engagement to Kenneth Stewart.

Airgraph letters sent to Mavis' brother, Pilot-Officer Ronald Millyard, R.A.A.F., in England, telling him news. Mavis with parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Millyard, of Killara, and fiancé, Ken, will spend Easter holidays at Craigburn.

GUNNER FRAZER GILL, A.I.F. and bride, formerly Nancy Holloway, spend honeymoon at Palm Beach home of Nancy's half-brother, Max Hinder. Nancy is sister child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holloway, of Gordon.

BABY daughter born to Mrs. Sam Osborne at St. Luke's Hospital. Sam and Lindsay thrilled at new arrival, as other two children are both boys—Ben and John.

ROMANTIC note: Berenice Henry, graduate of Kindergarten College, announces engagement to Lieut. Richard Nicholson, A.I.F. Berenice is only child of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Henry, of Chabersham, and Richard is only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Nicholson, of Lavender Bay.

JOYCE



Movie World

● Anna Lee, lovely United Artists star, is the second daughter of a country clergyman. Born in an obscure English village, Anna took out American citizenship papers when she came to Hollywood two years ago. This star has become one of the most

tireless war workers in the film colony, and is a popular entertainer at camp tours. Her stage career began at fifteen, when she went on tour after a period spent in dramatic education, and shortly after she made her screen debut with Jack Hulbert.

"BO...HERE'S A CONUNDRUM. WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?" "I CAN'T ANSWER DAT!"	"WHEN IT'S AJAR!"	"OKAY! NOW IT'S MY TURN. WHY IS I LIKE A NILE HANDKERCHIEF?" "WHY IS YOU LIKE A NILE HANDKERCHIEF? SAY, I DUNNO..."	"'CAUSE...LIKE NILE HANDKERCHIEFS...MAH COLOR NEVAH FADES!"	MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE ATHLETIC SINGLETS AND UNDERPANTS NILE HANDKERCHIEFS Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd. 134 Broadway, Sydney
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SEE that Pears is utterly
pure. Perfect for baby, match-
less for your own complexion.



Pc.16,27

Handel's music



1 AT BEGINNING of eighteenth century, Handel (Wilfrid Lawson), beloved by the people, was uncrowned king of music, and his operas crowded the playhouses.



3 IN DESPERATION, his partner, Heidegger (Morris Harvey), went to see Frederick to beg for his patronage for a new season of Handel's operas, and achieved his purpose.



5 SADDENED and in ill-health, Handel was revived by his toil on great oratorio, "The Messiah."



6 IN 1742, "The Messiah" had its first triumphant performance, and Handel and friend, Mrs. Cibber, were restored again to fame.

AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

"ITS QUALITY
NEVER VARIES"



2 BECAUSE the cynical court, led by foppish Prince of Wales, Frederick (Max Kirby), craved frothier fare, Handel's popularity and music began to wane.



4 THE PERFORMANCE FAILED, because Handel refused to continue after Frederick had insulted the lovely prima donna, Mrs. Cibber (Elizabeth Allan).

Great Mr. Handel

THE GBD production, "The Great Mr. Handel," makes a direct appeal to the lovers of classical music. The singing is of a high standard, and the music is by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Photographed in technicolor, with lavish period backgrounds and costumes, the story gives a vividly etched study of Handel, which makes arresting entertainment, but at all times the music triumphantly dominates the film.

"SPEAK OUT, MAN—
What is in my hand?"

Marshall, a man of material outlook, yet caught in the challenge of an irresistible lure to peer into the future... a future threatening sorrow and disillusionment. A powerful highlight of "Flesh and Fantasy," the motion picture beyond compare.



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THE MOTION PICTURE ABOVE ALL!

So different it defies comparison. So enthralling it has no equal.

4 FATES! 8 LIVES!

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... in a drama of love ... of hate
... of terror ... of volcanic emotion
... unfolding with all the throbbing
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Directed by Julien Duvivier.
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WINNINGER

Winter wardrobe for a business girl



● If you're spending precious coupons on a topcoat, make sure you select a smart and timeless style and good material. This one is done in shadow plaid with raised pleats forming a yoke, and front edging.

● Soft and stunningly simple shirtmaker in pastel green wool. The flattering double collar fastens with a cigar-brown tie to match up with the buttons, belt, and pixie cap.

● Faced with the problem of too little material? This youthful, sleeveless jacket suit is your answer. It is also an excellent way to bring new life to an old suit, and wear odd blouses or sweaters with it.

● Diagonally striped red woollen for a trim cardigan suit with four slit pockets. Collarless, reverless, and fresh as paint, you'll find it hard to improve on this suit for everyday smartness.

RENS

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is mosquito time

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Continuing . . . Defence of the Realm

from page 5

AT the M.T.B. station there were three wounded men and a scene of rent steel and pocked superstructure. A shell in the first salvo had scored a direct hit amidships high, close to the stack. The motor torpedo-boat had a jagged hole in her afterdeck, but she was still seaworthy.

The Lorraine Rock was turning. Captain Fitzhugh on the bridge. Across the sea, placid and oily as the sun broke through, Steve saw the German, a big grey ship with the swastika flying from her mainmast; the armed merchantman which had been preying on the South Pacific shipping.

She was big and she looked fast. Fitzhugh was turning his bow at the German as the forward gun crew collapsed the camouflaged little deckhouse from round the three-inch gun up there. He was out-ranged and he was going to try and close the range so that he would put his guns into action.

The forward three-inch opened fire. The shell was far short. Up eight hundred. They fired again. Short. The freighter nosed slowly and anxiously forward. A sudden salvo from the German screamed at them. Three bursts in the sea. Stuff moaned through the air all round.

Steve tightened his jaw as he climbed up into the motor torpedo-boat. He ordered his engines on and started warming them.

The gunnery of the raider was good. A straddle with the first salvo,

and on range with all the others. The gunners would pick them up on the next firing, no doubt of it. But the manoeuvre they had practised for so long was finally under way.

The engines were turning over as the seamen swung the boat out on the davits, her crew aboard. The winch whinnied and they went down. There was another sound of whinnying as they touched the water. The falls released themselves—patent gear—and simultaneously there was a tremendous explosion.

Steve, on the bridge of the MT 129, saw the blossoms of smoke which shot skyward on the other beam of the freighter. The sound was so terrific, he knew that more than one shell had struck. He called to the Petty Officer, "Brooks," he said, "we've got to get out of here."

"They're not warm enough, sir." "Can't help that. The Jerry will blow the bottom out of Fitzhugh's boat in a few minutes. Battle stations. Prepare to make smoke."

Steve palmed the throttles forward. MT 129 leaped away from her cover on the starboard beam of the Lorraine Rock. Steve put her helm hard over and banked her round. He headed south-west, increasing his speed as he went.

The engines took it, roaring terrifically. The stern of the lumbering shell-torn freighter flashed by. Steve put the helm over again and banked round the stern of the freighter to her port side.

"Lay smoke," he ordered. The black smoke instantly poured

out of the two nozzles astern. Steve put the motor torpedo-boat on the same course as the freighter but fifty yards off her port. The freighter ceased firing.

Steve, past the freighter's bow, held the course for a quarter of a mile; until, far ahead, a shell exploded in the sea. They had seen him.

Then he brought the helm over, and he headed for the German raider, which was turning north, presenting its stern to MT 129.

"Man machine-guns," he ordered. "When the range closes, wipe off that stern gun crew."

He changed his course with lightning rapidity, dancing the boat capriciously on her screws as she whipped to port, then dead ahead, then starboard, then dead ahead.

The range closed sharply. Steve muttered, "Just give me thirty seconds!"

He drew up on his collision course, aiming the bow of MT 129 directly into the centre of the raider's stern. The grey ship was growing larger quickly. He saw the 4.7 inch gun astern flash.

He fired his first torpedo off the port tube and instantly retarded the throttles, so that he would not overrun his warhead, which had a speed of only thirty-six miles an hour.

The raider saw the white course of the torpedo. The ship turned off to evade it, to starboard. Steve lined his bow on hers at the start of her

turn. He fired number two from the starboard tube, then turned off. Clear of the warhead he began to run back for the cover of his own smoke. He heard his machine-gun open up on the stern gun. He watched astern and waited.

The first torpedo never struck. The raider turned away in time. As her starboard beam came round, the other three guns opened fire on MT 129. They ricocheted short, but a second salvo was got off at once, and Steve knew from the sound of them that he had trouble.

He was right. They exploded with terrific force as he wheeled off the course hard, the ship banking toward. But even this didn't help. One of the shells struck directly about the stern, and the motor torpedo-boat shuddered violently. Steve saw his deck slither upward as the concussion knocked him headlong.

When he sat up his arm was bleeding; it didn't hurt.

Then, far off, he heard the rumble of thunder. A tower of sea rose up from the beam of the German raider, as high as the bridge. There was a brilliant flash, a volcano of smoke. The raider caulked to starboard at a sharp angle, and hung there.

She did not recover. There were no more salvos from her guns; they could not be brought to bear because of her list. She had turned broadside to the second torpedo.

It did not take her long to founder.

Nor MT 129 either. For her stern was shot away, her engines were wrecked, and her engineer dead. By the time the Lorraine Rock had come through the smoke wall to pick up her survivors, the motor torpedo-boat was squatting in the sea, sinking stern first. A rescue boat was despatched at once from the freighter.

When Steve reached the deck, he found the crew of the freighter drawn up at attention. They looked pathetic, their heels together, heads held high, making an alley for him to pass through. The boatwain was blowing on the pipe. Their faces were dirty and bloodstained.

They were piping him aboard. Captain Fitzhugh, with an adhesive patch over one ear, came forward and saluted and then shook hands.

"It was an excellent show," said Fitzhugh. His face was hard and his eyes were soft. This was his earnest apology, the only one he knew. "Jolly well done, sir."

Steve held his hand firmly, shaking it, and smiling faintly. They would play chess again. They'd be playing chess all the way to Melbourne.

(Copyright)

The Bride and Deleahanty

Continued from page 4

"STOP there," Eckhardt said. He had it between them then, the gun level with Deleahanty's chest, five or six feet away. And Deleahanty stopped, not for long, just to get his legs set under him. He understood that he would never reach Eckhardt—not alive. But the shots would warn her.

A report outside, a flat sound not repeated, stopped him again, rigidly. So Policewoman Faulkner—He turned and ripped the

shade from the window. With his hands on the sill, his face pressed against the pane, he glared out.

"Got him," Deleahanty croaked, in a travesty of a voice that yet after the first word managed to hit the note of savage exultation he wanted it to hit. "Got him!"

The thing that Eckhardt did then was the thing that Deleahanty had known he would have to do. He put the gun into Deleahanty's ribs. "Get away," he said. He was not a credulous man; yet he had to see what was outside that window.

All Deleahanty waited to feel was that revolver against him. The moment he did feel it he whipped round, his right hand sweeping low at the gun, his left following the pivot of his body in a savage hook. They fought silently for the gun. Both seemed to understand what would happen to the man who lost control of it.

Twice Eckhardt fired, so close that the explosions scorched Deleahanty's cheek. Then, with his left hand on Eckhardt's wrist and his right over the revolver, Deleahanty succeeded in forcing the muzzle down into Eckhardt's chest.

Eckhardt fired again; perhaps he thought Deleahanty's palm was over the muzzle. After that it was all finished. After that the revolver was Deleahanty's, and Eckhardt was nobody to worry about or to chase after from then on. There was still the other one—Pedersen.

Deleahanty ran on to the porch and over it in three strides, and if there was light round him, it mattered very little to Deleahanty, because Policewoman Faulkner's voice went on ringing inside his head as if he were never going to forget it. Outside his head, too—but he only realised that later, when, a little way down the slope from the house, he stopped abruptly, sliding to his knees in the deep snow.

The ski instructor was sitting in front of a tree a little further down the slope, suddenly nursing one arm across his stomach. Standing

some distance away was Policewoman Faulkner, gun in hand.

"Everything's worked out all right," she called over her shoulder. "You're not hurt, Deleahanty, are you?"

"No," Deleahanty said. "I'm well. A little dizzy, maybe." After getting that out in one deep breath, he stood up, wiped a forearm across his face, and told her about Eckhardt. "Now guess we better get this Pedersen down to the village. You got the car keys?"

She had. At the lookout beside the fire-house, Deleahanty attended to the necessary formalities, but on the way back to the hotel he did not have a great deal to say to her. He kissed her, though, before she got out of the car. Something told him to.

"Oh," she said in a different, breathless, unprofessional way that Deleahanty liked. "What was that for?"

Deleahanty gave her a sober nod. "You'll find out," Deleahanty said.

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Instant First Aid

The pain and crippling that follow a neglected foot blister can be prevented by the timely application of an 'Elastoplast' Wound Dressing. Clean the affected part, strip protective muslin from the dressing, apply antiseptic pad, and press down the adhesive.

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INDUCED PERSPIRATION

I WAS about to close my surgery door the other morning when I espied Mrs. Benton hurrying up the staircase toward me.

I waited, noted how hot and flustered she looked.

"The perspiration is just pouring off me," she said, sinking into a chair and fanning herself. "I wish I didn't perspire," she continued. "I've always envied those people who don't."

But Mrs. Benton was making a mistake—everyone perspires, some more than others; with some the odor is noticeable, with others it isn't.

Gift for baby

Soft, fleecy vest to knit

HERE'S one happy solution to the problem of what to give a tiny Australian.

Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, likes this design. It will, she says, give the necessary protection to baby's back and tummy. It's a nice length.

Materials: 1 oz. Lady Betty wool, 2-ply; 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 10½ inches. Width all round at underarm, 15 inches.

Tension: To get these measurements, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 sts. to the inch in width.

THE FRONT

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 72 sts. Knit one row plain. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: (K 2 tog.) four times, * (wool over needle, k 1), 8 times (k 2 tog.) 8 times; repeat from * to the last 16 sts. (wool over needle, k 1) 8 times (k 2 tog.) 4 times.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl. Repeat the last 4 rows three times. Continue in rib of (knit 2, purl 2) until ribbing measures 5 inches, then work from the 1st to the 4th rows four times, proceed as follows: Work on the first 16 sts. in rib of k 2, p 2, for 4 inches. Cast off. Join in the wool at the neck edge, and cast off 40 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, on the remaining 16 sts. for 4 inches. Cast off.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until the four patterns have been completed at the shoulder. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Join side seams to end of ribbing. Join shoulder straps to back. Work an edging round the neck and armholes as follows:

* 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st stitch, 1 ch., miss 1 stitch, 2 d.c. into next 2 sts.; repeat from * all round neck and sleeves. Thread with cord or ribbon.

... how to treat it

There are two kinds of perspiration—"sensible" and "insensible." The "insensible" variety is the water the body loses through the skin—we lose about 10 or 12 ounces daily. This perspiration evaporates as soon as it is formed, and has nothing to do with clothes, weather, exercise, or the nervous system.

The type which we are interested in is the "sensible" perspiration. This comes from the millions of little glands or "sacs" which cover the body.

When the temperature goes up or you run for the train you perspire through these sweat-glands. The perspiration hasn't time to evaporate and changes from the "insensible" or unnoticed variety to the "sensible" or noticed.

Perspiration is the body's cooling system, so we naturally perspire more in summer than in winter.

Certain parts of the body perspire more freely than others, and the character of perspiration varies. For instance, under nervous strain the palms perspire.

But the perspiration which causes most heart-burnings is that under the armpits. This comes from a combination of the ordinary sweat-glands and the glands surrounding the hair follicles. It has a tendency to break down, and the result is excessive or odorous perspiration, or both.

What is the remedy? The safest and most sure is soap and water and lighter clothes. Plenty of soap and hot water, a brisk rubbing with a towel, washer, or a sponge followed with a thorough rinsing will do more toward getting rid of this unwanted perspiration than anything else.

Wear light clothes and avoid tight bands, collars, and belts. The more air that passes over your body, the more perspiration will evaporate, and the cooler you'll feel.

And keep this in mind: On a hot day add a little salt to your water—about one teaspoon to a pint—it's a great reviver.



A WARM, SOAPY BATH every night, and a shower every morning—Juanita Stark's (Warner Bros.) recipe for bodily freshness and health.



LILAC TIME at "Ferncliffe," Murrumbidgee, N.S.W. ... Mrs. E. A. Hickey and her grandson, Ian Coddington, among the blooms. Now is the time to strike cuttings or set out sturdy plants.

Odds and ends in the garden

MANY readers want to know how to take cuttings of lilac. This is usually done in autumn by taking the ripened shoots which have grown this year. These should be about nine inches long, and must be cut just below and just above a bud in the same way as gooseberries and currants are taken. But many varieties will not root, and have to be propagated by budding or grafting. I leave it to you.

Don't forget to set out daffodils, jonquils, and hyacinths this week. Bulbs set out later run into the hot weather—a condition they do not favor. Mix plenty of old, well-decayed compost with the soil, or, if you have no old manure, use bone-dust—not blood and bone.

Don't cut frangipani limbs or shoots now; wait until September, when the sap is not running. The cuttings will then root rapidly in moist sand on the shady side of the garden.

Firm the ground well before sowing seed of mignonette, and add ample lime or old mortar. Sprinkle the seed on the surface after adding a little good soil. Then scatter the seed and firm well with a piece of flat board. Don't try to transplant mignonette—it doesn't like disturbance.

Give Iceland poppies plenty of space. Don't plant them out too apart. Bear in mind that each plant grows about 12 in. across, and some more. Spray plants weekly with tartar emetic and sugar for thrip control, because this plant is allergic to spotted wilt.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

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YOUTHFUL ALL WOOL FROCK
for SSW, SW and W.
Figures. Small, high neckline, two covered buttons, yoke over bustline and two pleats to waistline. Skirt has two knife pleats at either side. Shades: Sage, Rose, Jeep Brown, Black, Navy.

26/8
13 COUPONS

ME2—Centre:
ALL WOOL WORSTED FROCK FOR LARGER FIGURES.
Rever collar, pin tucked bodice, covered buttons, gored skirt and tie sash. Shades: Black, Navy, Brown, Sage, Wine.

Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS

29/11
13 COUPONS



MG3—Above:
Winter weight "DOGS TOOTH CHECK" SUIT of Wool-like RAYON. Designed on tailored lines with never necklines, pockets and belt. Skirt has two pleats each side of front. Shades: Rust, White, Navy / White, Brown / White, Sage / White. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, SOS.

69/6
14 COUPONS

MG4—At Right:
Warm, Practical Dressmaker Suit of All Wool Worsted. Tailored V neckline, covered buttons, shoulder yoke with pin tucks. Two pin tucked pockets and tie belt from side seams, semi-fitted back. Skirt has two large box pleats in centre front. Shades: Black, Navy, Sage, Rose, Jeep Brown, Sage, SSW, SW, W, SOS, OS.

SSW to W, 39/6
SOS to OS, 45/-
17 COUPONS



MAIL ORDERS SUPPLIED

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD.
BROADWAY—SYDNEY. P.O. BOX 42, BROADWAY.

THANKS FOR THE BRUSH-UP SHEILA—NOW HOW ABOUT THAT BLOTCHY COMPLEXION?

Give skin faults their marching orders... Keep lovely with **Rexona MEDICATED SOAP**

THINKS: WHEN JIM SAYS NICE THINGS ABOUT MY SKIN, I THANK MY STARS I FOUND OUT ABOUT REXONA!

SO BUSY AND SO BEAUTIFUL, HOW DO YOU DO IT SHEILA DEAR?

SHEILA'S EFFICIENT—now Sheila's smart as well! She gives drab blotchy skin the go-bye with Rexona Soap. Its creamy-soft, medicated lather floats dirt out of pores... helps to give a complexion the youthful bloom of a new-cut rose. Why don't you keep your skin naturally lovely just like this? But don't expect any other soap to do Rexona's job—there's nothing else with all Rexona's valuable medicaments.

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS GAVYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Clove, Teaberry, and Benzyl Acetate—all recognised valuable Skin Medicaments.

10/- PER TABLET

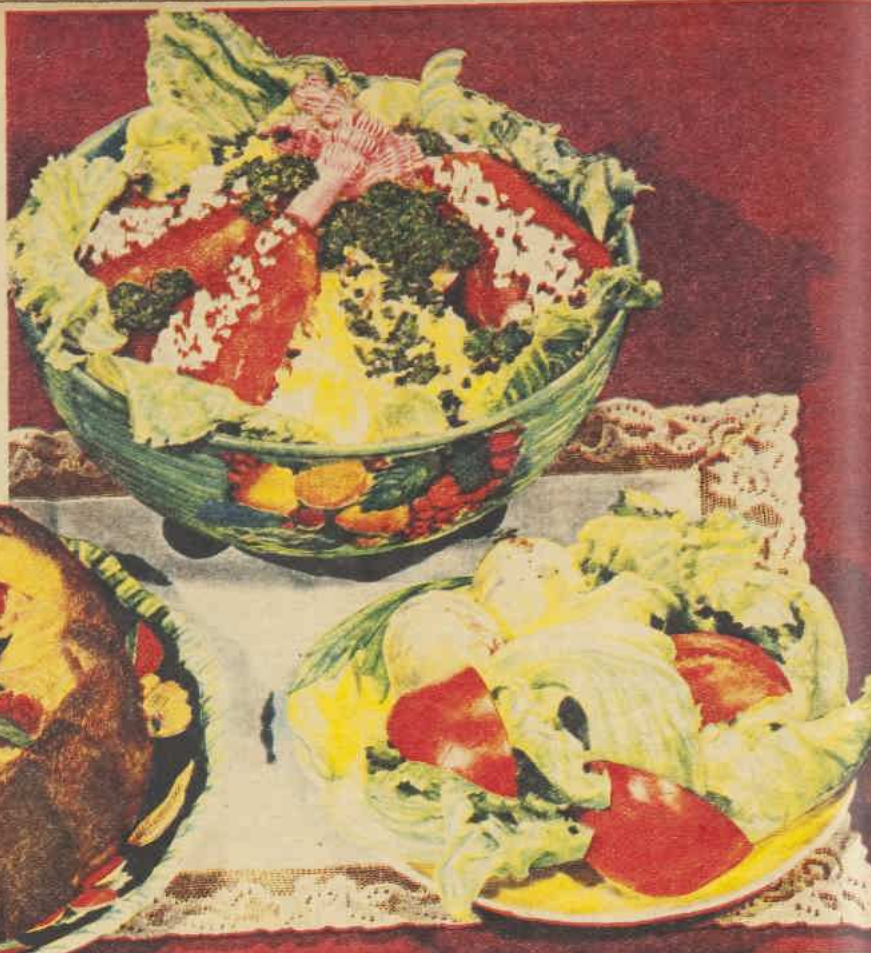
Six dinner menus for these times

● Warm weather, cold weather, busy days and holiday week-end to come, market shortages and seasonal surplus... there's no dull routine in housekeeping to-day. Study the art of menu-making. It calls for initiative, quick thinking, practical skill, and a feeling for the art of cookery.

THE days of leisurely contemplation over meals and marketing have gone. The four pre-dominating menu factors to-day are food values, ration book, time, and budget.

Notice the pattern of these in the menus below

By
OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert
to The Australian Women's Weekly.



... they are rich in food value, easy on the ration book, simple to prepare, and light on the budget.

Persuade the family to acquire new food tastes. Serve salads sometimes instead of hot greens with hot meals.

Try new tricks of flavoring to disguise an oft-repeated dish. Peanut butter in the beef stew, chopped celery leaves in the meat loaf, freshly chopped mint with the inevitable apple sweet.

Vary the vegetables in the casserole dish... onions only one day, tomatoes another, beans another, parsnips or carrots, shredded cabbage or spinach.

Make the fullest use of dried peas and beans when available. They have a high protein or meat substitute value, and if allowed to sprout before cooking are an excellent source of vitamins.

Satisfy the appetite with cereal foods, but not at the expense of the vegetables and dairy produce.

Create each menu with the saving of fuel in mind. Plan complete oven meals. When one hot course only is to be served, use the remaining oven space for cooking custards, pastry cases, tea breads, meat loaves, stewed fruit, or stocks to be used on succeeding days.

Remember, even in the warmest weather the all-cold meal is not completely satisfying.

Go for salads in a big way, choosing those which can be prepared in advance and assembled quickly.

Plan one day a week when the absolute minimum of time is spent in the kitchen. The housewife, like the industrial worker, must have her rest day.

CRISP APPLE BREAD FUDDINGS

Thin slices of bread, butter, stewed apples (drained), spice, brown sugar.

Cut thin slices of soft bread and cut in circles and strips. Butter and sprinkle with spice and sugar, and line individual greased moulds. Fill with apple puree. Raisins may be added. Cover with circle of prepared bread. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) until browned. Turn out and serve with a clear sauce made from the apple juice.

BEEF GOULASH

One pound chuck steak, 2 large sliced onions, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cloves, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon peanut butter (may be omitted).

Cut the meat into small pieces and fry until brown in the dripping. Remove from pan, add the flour to the fat, brown, and add the water. Place all ingredients except peanut butter in stewpan or casserole and cook very slowly for 1½ hours. Add peanut butter just before serving and serve piping hot. For four.

DELIGHT THE FAMILY with this menu... cold salad cutlets with potato mayonnaise and crisp greens followed by steaming hot peach charlotte. If there are no peach preserves in your pantry try the recipe with apples or pears.

CHILLED CHOCOLATE PIE

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch spice, pinch salt, 3oz. dripping, cold water, 1 pint milk (or milk and water), 1 or 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon or orange rind, 1 tablespoon (or less) cocoa, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ tablespoons cornflour, 1 dessertspoon freshly chopped mint.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and spice. Rub in dripping and mix to a dry dough with water. Roll to fit pie plate, trim and scallop edge, brush with sugar and water, and bake in a hot oven until crisp and brown. Blend cornflour and cocoa with a little cold milk. Heat remainder of the milk and half the sugar and lemon rind. Stir in blended cornflour and cocoa and cook slowly over boiling water for 15 minutes, stirring often. Beat in egg-yolks and pour into pastry case. Whip egg-whites with remaining sugar, add mint, and just return to oven to crisp surface. Serve cold. For four to six.

HOT PEACH CHARLOTTE

Four to six peach halves, 1 cup peach pulp, 1½ cups peach juice, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 egg, sugar to taste, thin slices of bread, frying fat.

Grease a small cake-tin. Sprinkle bottom with sugar, preferably brown, and a dusting of spice. Place peach halves on bottom and line sides with strips of bread which have been lightly browned in hot fat. Fill centre with a mixture of the remaining ingredients, covering top with bread strips. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Turn out and serve hot. For four to six.

BANANA GRIDDLE CAKES

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons (or less) golden syrup, 1 or 2 bananas, milk.

Sift flour, add sliced bananas. Add beaten egg and warmed syrup, and mix to a light drop batter with milk. Drop spoonfuls of the mixture on a hot, greased griddle, turning to brown. Serve hot and freshly made. For four.

CUTLETS IN TOMATO ASPIC

Four mutton cutlets, 2 large tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper, salt, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, chopped egg-white or parsley.

Steam or bake cutlets slowly until tender, about 25 minutes. Allow to become cold. Cut up tomatoes, heat in pan until soft, and then rub through a sieve. Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the hot tomato juice. Season with pepper, salt, and sauce. Coat the cutlets with the tomato jelly and chill until set. Garnish with cutlet frills, chopped egg-white or chopped parsley. For four.

DOUBLE CRUST MEAT PIE

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. dripping, cold water, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1½lb. minced meat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1½ cups thick brown gravy.

Make a light dry pastry from flour, baking powder, salt, dripping, and cold water. Line a tart plate with pastry. Fill with meat, vegetables, and gravy. Cover with remaining pastry. Brush with milk and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. For four to six.

HOT CUP CAKES

Eight ounces flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3oz. dripping, 3oz. sugar, 1 or 2 eggs, milk to mix.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and spice. Rub in the dripping. Add the sugar and beaten eggs. Mix quickly to a smooth, thick batter with milk. Three-quarters fill deep greased patty-tins and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. 400 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve hot and freshly made with jam or fruit sauce.

DINNER MENUS FOR NOW — AND LATER

No. 1

Clear Beef Broth
Cutlets in Tomato Aspic, with
Potato Salad, Tossed Greens,
Hot Peach Charlotte

No. 2

Tomato Juice
Beef Goulash
Jacket Potatoes, Hot Greens,
Chilled Chocolate Pie

No. 3

Tomato Celery Soup
Salad Meat Loaf
New Potatoes, Minced Apple Slices,
Lettuce Wedges,
Banana Griddle Cakes

No. 4

Fish and Cucumber Salad
Double Crust Meat Pie
Baked Tomatoes, Potatoes, Spinach,
Caramel Apple Compote

No. 5

Cheesed Vegetable Soup
Braised Stuffed Liver
Potatoes, Greens,
Hot Cup Cakes with Jam Sauce

No. 6

Corn Chowder
Hot Corned Beef, Onion Sauce
Parsley Potatoes, Hot Crisp Cakeslaw,
Crisp Apple Bread Puddings



We've hints to save your ration book. So come on, ladies! Take a look!

P. 259.3.



1. Your old black frock can stage a marvellous come-back with the help of some ribbon. Simply take out the present sleeves and replace them with short ones made from alternative bands of pale blue and black ribbon machined together.

2. Wartime dyes are sometimes not all they might be, so mind your cottons and rayons don't shed some of their colour in the wash. Give precious clothes every chance by washing them in tepid Persil suds. Persil is so quick that things are in water the shortest possible time.

3. When you come to cut a garment from silk or voile, dip the scissors in boiling water for several minutes then dry them before commencing. They will now cut filmy material cleanly and easily.

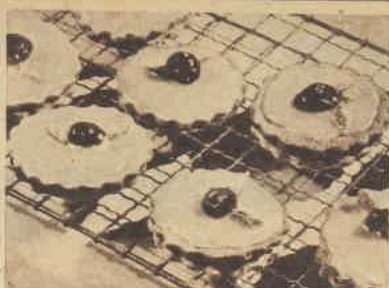
4. If you possess an edge-to-edge coat (and who doesn't), and are sick of its lack of fastenings (and who isn't), try this idea: Sew a length of ribbon on each side of the coat at regular intervals and tie into saucy little bows!



Although you won't be wearing many of your summery things again till next summer, don't put them away dirty. Left-in perspiration will rot any filmy thing in time, and is an open invitation to silverfish. So be on the safe side and give them a wash in Persil first.



FISH CAKES FOR GOOD FRIDAY . . . make a little fish go a long way by combining with potato. Season with lemon and a hint of marjoram. Serve hot or cold with salad. **APPLE AMBER** tarts to follow have filling of apple pulp whipped into a golden-syrup-sweetened sauce.



Readers send us their favorite apple recipes

● Delicious spiced apple pie carries off the main prize of £1. Consolation prizes of 2/6 awarded all others.

TRY spice in the apple and lemon jam, and serve on cheese biscuits.

Top the hot, steamed dumplings with a spoonful of golden syrup; it gives it something.

Serve the apple pickle with any kind meat or salad. Apples give piquancy to the rabbit casserole; try it with a sprinkle of grated cheese glazed over the top.

Remember, peels and cores can be used to make a pot of jelly.

Take ten minutes to-day to write out your latest kitchen triumph. Food in season, please . . . not too expensive.

SPICED APPLE AND BANANA PIE

Place in a pan 1 teaspoon butter, or substitute, and 1 teaspoon sugar. Make a caramel and add 1 cup hot water. Add 4 peeled and sliced apples and 2 sliced bananas, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon ginger, rind and juice of 1 lemon, and sugar to taste—about 1 cup, preferably brown. Cover and cook until apples are tender, and then whip well. Line a tart-plate with short-pastry, fill with mixture, and cover with pastry. Glaze and bake in hot oven until crisp and brown.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. E. Garvey, 1 Ashford St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

STEAMED APPLE DUMPLING

Peel and core nice, firm cooking apples, and either leave whole, filling centre with honey, or cut in quarters. Place in saucepan that has a very tight lid. Add a little water, about a cup—depending on quantity of apple—so that the apple will steam, not boil. Prepare the following dumpling mixture: 2 cups self-raising flour (wholemeal or ordinary), dessertspoon butter, table-spoon sugar, 1 cup milk. Rub butter into flour, add sugar, then gradually mix in milk. Flatten out to about 1 in. thick with hands, making shape to fit top of saucepan. Bring apples to boiling point, place dough on top, put lid tightly on saucepan, and allow to steam for 1 hour. Make sure dumpling mixture is separate from water—a deep saucepan is best to use. Remove dumplings carefully, pour apple into a dish and put dumpling on top. Serve with sauce or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Jean Baker, Redlands, Springhurst, Vic.

SWEET PICKLE OF APPLES

Five pounds cooking apples, 1½ lb. sugar, 3 pints vinegar.

Peel and cut apples. Boil sugar and vinegar (skim), add apples, and cook till tender. Add dessertspoon whole cloves, or to taste, and a little nutmeg. Cool, bottle, and seal. Keep in cool place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Partridge, Carrington St., South Singleton, N.S.W.



DON'T EXPERIMENT RECKLESSLY with good ingredients, and see that you have them all in readiness before starting on a recipe. Above, you see Lynn Bari, 20th Century-Fox, about to make something nice in her kitchen. There seems to be no shortage of utensils!

RABBIT CASSEROLE WITH APPLE

Joint a rabbit and soak for an hour in salted water. Wash well, and dip each piece in seasoned flour and lay in a casserole. Add a layer of stuffing made with wholemeal breadcrumbs (or white), herbs, finely chopped onion, a little bacon, and, finally, a layer of very finely sliced cooking apples. Sprinkle the top with a little brown sugar and stick here and there 4 cloves. Pour 1 cup milk over all, put on lid. Cook 2 hours in a rather slow oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Morrison, Foster, Vic.

APPLE JAM

Green apples are best. To every pound of fruit, weighed after being pared, cored, and sliced, allow 1½ lb. sugar and the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Peel the apples, core and slice, put them in a

container, stand in a pan of boiling water and cook until tender. Put apples into a preserving pan, add the sugar, lemon rind and juice, and simmer for half an hour, reckoning from time jam begins to boil. Test on a cold saucer for jelling. Bottle and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Jackson, 4 Grafton St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Make the best use of fresh air

By SISTER MARY JACOB

FRESH air is so vitally important that without it death would occur in the space of minutes, so it takes first place in the list of "essentials"—those things needed for perfect health.

The air inside a house, no matter how well ventilated, never contains the same amount of oxygen as the outside air. For that reason a baby should be put outside to sleep whenever the weather permits.

Correct ventilation must be studied carefully when planning the nursery, when choosing bassinet or pram, and when choosing the place in which to put baby's cot or bassinet for the hours of sleep.

A leaflet dealing with the important question of good ventilation has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Rosella

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Favorites on tens of thousands of tables because of true quality and flavour.

Why Shouldn't You 'Feel Fine' All The Time

TO feel "on top of the world," to go through each day with brightness and zest depends upon internal health and the good spirits that go with it. Bile Beans keep you "feeling fine" all the time.

Bile Beans create internal health and the bright outlook that goes with it. By cleansing, regulating and toning up the system, Bile Beans enable you to maintain that constant personal fitness which Australia needs from everyone to-day.

So, whether yours is a Service or a civilian job, this ideal tonic-laxative is exactly what you need.

BILE BEANS

(Pave the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates)



"I think Bile Beans are wonderful. Taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is a healthy colour and my complexion blemish-free. I sleep well and get up on a morning feeling fit and bright."
—Mrs. E.S.R.



Helps the Nursing Mother to keep up her strength

Looking after baby takes considerable toll of the nursing mother's energy, and she should see that her diet is planned to maintain strength and vitality.

A regular cup of Horlicks supplies the nursing mother with first-class protein, essential carbohydrates, mineral salts and vitamins. Horlicks is a complete food in itself and its nourishing

goodness benefits both mother and child. Simply mix Horlicks with water only, and you have a delicious food drink, delicate in flavour and very easy to digest. Enjoy it hot or cold, according to your preference. Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country).



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—the food drink that nourishes and sustains

AT YOUR COUNTRY'S SERVICE!

"I'm doing my bit for Australia's war effort, as an approved finish for vital equipment, aircraft, vehicles, etc. It's full-time war service that 'Dulux' is giving, so I can't help you as your 'civilian' job at present."



B.A.L.M. DULUX

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH

SUPERSEDES ENAMELS and VARNISHES

BUT I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER



British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.

FRY'S CREAM TABLETS

THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE FOR GENERATIONS

WATER - PRIORITY No. 1!



A most important item in the protection of the lives of service personnel from disease in tropical areas is the purity of the water they drink and use for all purposes. Climatic conditions and the nature of the terrain in some of the "Northern Areas" make innocent looking streams and pools more deadly than crocodile infested waters.

Thanks to our Chemists and Engineers our forces were able to push forward into unknown territory safe in the knowledge that water could be effectively treated with CHLORINE—either Chlorine as such, or its compounds—"Chlorosene," "Zanic" Sterilizer, chloride of lime, sodium hypochlorite, etc., which liberate chlorine when dissolved.

Chloride of Lime may claim to be one of the oldest chemical disinfectants; its value in preventing the spread of disease and putrefaction was, in fact, recognised before science knew that living germs were the cause of infectious diseases.

CHLORINE is a powerful bactericide. In a few minutes it will kill the bacteria of typhoid, cholera, and germs causing sore throats. At a concentration of less than one part per million, at which dilution it is absolutely harmless to man, it is equally effective in salt or fresh water. Since only the smallest of doses are needed for sterilising, the cost of treatment is very low indeed.

In happier days Chlorine was used for many purposes other than war, and will be more freely used in the future for industry and safeguarding the health of the Nation.

Manufactured in Australia by

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Manufacturers and Suppliers of General Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Organics, Nylon Products, "Kallodent," "Perspex," Food Phosphates, etc.



DRUGS AND CHEMICALS

Manufacture of drugs and chemicals has entered a new era. Expensive chemicals since made in the laboratory in ounce quantities are now made cheaply by the ton and those based on chlorine present an impressive array.



SANITATION

One of the shock troops in the war against disease, chlorine is one of the first commodities to be rushed to any threatened point. Doubtful water supplies must be chlorinated.



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The power house is the heart of any modern industrial system. Maximum economy of production of power is assisted by the use of minute quantities of chlorine in water at various points in the system.



NON-SHRINK FINISH OF TEXTILES

This is particularly important with military kit. It is important that woollen goods should not shrink in use and thus become unwearable. Chlorine and its compounds are used to ensure that woollen articles conform to exacting specifications.

